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GENUINE MEMOIRS

OF

ASIATICUS.

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A NEW EDITION

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

THE REV. WALTER KELLY FIRMINGER,

(Merton College, Oxford),

B. D., F. R. G. S., etc., etc.,

Editor, "Bengal: Past and Present."

Published under the Auspices of the Calcutta Historical Society.

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1909.

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INTRODUCTION.

Of old Calcutta books which throw light on the social life of the Settlement in the days of Warren Hastings, one of the oldest and probably the most rare is the *Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus*. Mrs. Kindersley's *Letters from the East Indies*, which really tell us but little, were published in 1777. The first edition of the *Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus* appeared in 1784. Mrs. Fay who first visited Calcutta in 1780, died before her *Original Letters* were given to the public in 1817. *Hartly House*, in which the vivacious "Sophia Goldborne" paints the manners and customs of the time, appeared in 1789.

The *Genuine Memoirs* were published in London in 1784 by J. Debrett, and in the following year, appeared a second edition, on the title-page of which the author's name was revealed :

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Esq.,
Late of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

It can hardly be questioned that the author was a member of the noble house of Chesterfield, but it is clearly impossible to identify him (as is done in Dr. Robert Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*, vol. 2, p. 875, and in Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*) with Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, for the fourth Earl died in 1773—the very year in which our *Asiaticus* set out on his travels. I do not think we need take very seriously the account *Asiaticus* gives of the love-affair which preceded his flight eastwards. The

fact that he gives the young lady's name is presumptive evidence that the love story, with which the book begins and ends, is one of agreeable fiction. I have failed to trace our author's name in the best known published lists of Oxford Men and their Colleges : but he claims to be an Oxonian.

It is not at all clear why our local antiquarians, if they had been careful to quote at first hand, should have got themselves so hopelessly confused as to the personality of the author of the *Genuine Memoirs*. "Asiaticus" is a *nom-de-plume* which might be assumed by any one who would wish to write on an Indian subject and yet to veil his identity. One would expect to meet with "Asiaticus" as frequently as we meet with "Vindex," "Audi alteram partem," "Historicus," etc., in the current press. But, somehow or the other, it has always been readily assumed that the various pamphlets, letters, etc., which bear the name "Asiaticus" must be one and all by one, self-same hand.

To put an end to all this "confusion worse confounded," it should be said that there are two quite distinct books dealing with olden Calcutta and both of these bear the *nom-de-plume* of *Asiaticus*. The first to be published was the *Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus* and this book is now once again placed in the hands of the public. There is no reason for doubting that a Captain Philip Dormer Stanhope was its author. The other work entitled *Ecclesiastical and Historical Sketches respecting Bengal* was published in Calcutta in the year 1803. The authorship of the second work is usually ascribed to

Major John Scott-Waring on the ground that he bore that *nom-de-plume* during the pamphlet warfare evoked by the Hastings prosecution. The Major, however, only entered the Company's service in 1766, whereas the author of the *Ecclesiastical and Historical Sketches* tells us that he was in Calcutta in 1757, and interviewed Omichand a year after that ex-potentate was, according to Macaulay's account, mad if not dead. We might well have liked to cling to the Scott-Waring theory, for one of the Major's daughters was the mother of Charles Reade, the novelist, and another was the mother of that ecstatical poet-divine—Father Faber.

The *Genuine Memoirs* will, I venture to think, be found of much interest. The Author's view as to the transactions of the Company's servants at Madras, and of those of Lord Pigot in particular, is, of course, hopelessly partisan: but those who wish to familiarise themselves with history must study partisan statements. It would, for instance, be absurd to suppose that the soldier's view of the causes which led to the Mutiny of 1857 must be *the* right view: but it is all important for the historian to know what the view was which the average officer of the time held as to current events. In the political matters at Madras discussed by our author, both parties to the conflict succeeded in placing themselves hopelessly in the wrong. Stanhope, I am afraid, will not throw much light as to the rights or wrongs of Lord Pigot; but his views are of interest as being representative of the feeling of many of his own rank and profession.

For the student of Anglo-Indian history the *Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus* are replete with notes of interest—the encounter with the pugnacious but unfortunate Captain Roche, the writer's friendship with Dr. Tyso Saul Hancock, the hospitality of old Randolph Marriott are instances very much to the point. The book too should please the Madras antiquarian every bit as much as his brother antiquarian in Calcutta. So too—as to Western India—we come across to Eliza Draper "whose fame will ever live in the celebrated writings of the immortal Sterne." Our author, in February 1778, dines with Eliza's husband at Bombay. It was on January 12, 1773, Elizabeth Draper fled in company with a naval officer from her home at Mazagon and then repaired to her uncle's house at Rajamundry. She returned to England in 1774—just four years before our author dined with old Draper. Eliza's history is an extraordinary counterpart to the Grand-Talleyrand business. Eliza had fascinated two quaint divines—the Abbé Raynal and Laurence Sterne. Noel Catherine was long years after to captivate the Ex-Bishop of Autun—the "mighty Talleyrand."

It is scarcely necessary to draw attention that in the text the eighteenth century orthography is strictly followed. In the notes appended to this reprint I have endeavoured as far as possible to avoid repeating what has been said by Mr. H. E. A. Cotton in his notes to *Hartly House* and by myself in my notes to the *Original Letters of Mrs. Fay*. The work of publishing reprints would become

intolerable if, on each and every occasion, the mention of a name should be held to necessitate the reproduction of all that has been quite recently said in books now easily accessible to the reader. In regard to this reprint, as well as in regard to my edition of *Mrs. Fay*, I may venture to say that the notes as published fail to represent the amount of work that has been actually done to elucidate the text. Many an enquiry has been diligently pursued, but without a result being secured; and it would be no exaggeration to say that the absence of a note, where a note seemed to be needed, in reality represents more hard work than a striking discovery of fact does in other cases indicate.

In concluding this introduction, I must express my deep sense of the honour which my friend Mr. K. N. Dhar has done me, in asking me to add these lines of introduction and the appended notes to his reprint. Every one who cares for Anglo-Indian history has of late years been on the watch for his articles in the pages of the *Calcutta Review*. I have, therefore, an uneasy feeling that, in acceding to my friend's request, I may have done the purchasers of this volume an injury. On the other hand, I would plead that I have so extensively availed myself of the kindly suggestions both of Mr. Dhar and Mr. E. W. Madge, his colleague at the Imperial Library, that an appeal to extenuating circumstances in this case will be readily admitted.

KIDDERPORE VICARAGE,
Calcutta, 1909.

WALTER K. FIRMINGER.

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GENUINE MEMOIRS

of

ASIATICUS,

in a series of
Letters to a Friend

during five years' residence in different parts
of India, three of which were spent
in the service of the
Nabob of Arcot,
interspersed with
Anecdotes
of
several well-known characters,
and containing
an impartial account
of
the confinement and death of
Lord Pigot
and of
the share the Nabob of Arcot had in that
memorable transaction.

By PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, ESQ.
Late of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

London,
1785 [1784].

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

WARREN HASTINGS,

Governor-General of India.

SIR,

I have presumed to dedicate the following sheets to you, as the only tribute of gratitude in my power to lay at your feet, in return for that protection, with which you condescended to honour me in Bengal. To do impartial justice to your shining abilities and known integrity of heart is beyond my feeble efforts. To say, that through your spirited exertions the affairs of the Honourable Company have been retrieved from ruin, and the blessings of peace in great measure restored throughout the Eastern world, falls infinitely short of that praise which is due to your exalted character. That you may long remain in that high station which you have filled with so much honour to yourself, and advantage to your country, is the sincere wish of every true friend to the British Empire, and of,

SIR,

Your most devoted,

obliged

And obedient servant

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE.

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GENUINE MEMOIRS of ASIATICUS.

LETTER I.

Euphrates, Indiaman, in the Downs, December, 1773.

My Dear Friend,

I embrace the first moment which the confusion of the new scene before me, and the unsettled state of my own mind will allow, to communicate to you the pleasing intelligence of my escape from the dangers which threatened me, and which I had every reason to fear would effectually destroy all my golden dreams of Eastern magnificence. You are well acquainted with the unfortunate connexion which occasioned my sudden departure from the University, and you know that my creditors, enraged to see every prospect of payment in one moment lost, by that imprudent step, omitted no means which their ingenuity could point out, to discover the place of my retreat. I now most sincerely wish that retreat had been rendered less agreeable to me, or

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that the amiable Charlotte had been less susceptible of those tender impressions, which, though highly flattering to my vanity, yet, I confess to you, my heart secretly disapproved. I was not yet so enamoured with ruin, as to think of matrimony ; and I knew that no greater torment could be inflicted on a soft, believing female, than the pangs of disappointed love. You have formerly seen Miss Rivers and you have called her handsome, and you may believe me, when I assure you that she possesses every virtue that can adorn the female mind. But that uncommon sensibility, and those romantic ideas, so inseparably connected with a country education, must ever prove to her a source of unhappiness, and must render even the most innocent pleasures highly dangerous in their consequences.

When the hospitality of Mr. Rivers had, in some degree, removed the unfavourable ideas I had entertained of a country life, I began to promise myself an infinite fund of amusement, in the conversation of his amiable daughter. Her natural good humour led her to omit no opportunity of making the hours pass agreeably away, and of dispelling that melancholy which I in vain endeavoured to conceal. We walked together in the garden, upon the sea-beach, and in the neighbouring woods ;

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while her mother devoted her time to her domestic concerns, and my worthy friend engaged among his labourers in the field, little thought that I should repay his kindness by seducing the affections of his daughter, and disturbing the peace of a family, whose hospitable roof had received me, when, like Adam expelled from Paradise, I had the whole world before me, and Providence my guide.

However, to cut short a scene which at this moment fills me with grief and confusion, I will only say, that in an unlucky moment I made her a proposal of marriage, and that our hours imperceptibly glided away in the enjoyment of those pleasures which only lovers know, till a summons from my father to attend him in London, previous to my embarkation for India, at once dissolved all our aerial schemes of future happiness, and plunged the whole family into inexpressible distress. You, who have been no stranger to scenes like this, and who well know by what mistaken principles even men of sense are led astray, when passion has drowned the voice of reason, can easily picture to yourself the reproaches of the weeping mother, and the rage of the father, denouncing immediate vengeance, and calling aloud for satisfaction from the ungrateful serpent, whom he had fostered in his bosom, and

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even treated with parental tenderness. Such, my friend, would have been the behaviour of these fathers, to whom the misjudging world too often ascribes the merit of superior wisdom, and who, while they hold happiness to be inseparable from wealth, are ready to bestow every blessing upon their children, but real felicity. Mr. Rivers, however, acted a very different part; he neither reproached me with ingratitude, nor did he express any concern, except for the impossibility of that union, which he was obliging enough to say, under other circumstances, would have given him the greatest pleasure.—He assured me, that he should ever consider my interest as immediately connected with his own; and even consented that Miss Rivers should wait until my return from India; when he hoped, that every obstacle that now impeded our happiness would be removed. You may suppose, that I felt myself highly pleased at this unexpected declaration, and that I omitted nothing in my reply, which could convince him of the sincerity of my intentions, whenever fortune should enable me to fulfil my engagements. Indeed, he seemed perfectly satisfied with me, and said everything which friendship could suggest, to inspire me with fortitude to go through the affecting scene which now presented

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itself. The day was at hand which was to separate, me, perhaps for ever, from my beloved Charlotte. My feelings on this occasion I shall not attempt to describe.—Imagine to yourself, that I left the house of my friend overwhelmed with grief, and that all the pomp and pride of Asiatic grandeur had, in that moment, no charms for me.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

Madeira, February, 1774.

After a tedious passage of two-and-thirty days, I feel myself extremely happy in being once more permitted to set my foot upon dry land, and to breathe the fresh air among a race of beings, who, though not the most cultivated I ever met with, are yet infinitely superior to those unmannerly Hottentots who call themselves the officers of the ship which it has been my misfortune to chuse as the vehicle of my transportation from my native country. Indeed, before I had been many minutes on board, I formed a most unfavourable idea of my situation,

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from an object which presented itself to my view; and which, though I suppose perfectly familiar to the petty tyrants of the ocean, appeared to me utterly inconsistent with the laws and customs of a civilized nation. One of those unfortunate creatures, whom the agents of the East India Company, by specious advertisements, and by various stratagems, calculated to deceive the ignorant and the unwary, have entrapped into their service, had by some act of disrespect, incurred the displeasure of the Chief Mate, or officer, in whom (under the controul of the Captain) the executive power is chiefly lodged. This miserable wretch, though evidently in a state of delirium, the consequence of that intoxication which had been made the instrument of his captivity, was, by order of the great man, immediately loaded with irons; an immense gag fastened in his mouth; and for the further crime of expressing his dissatisfaction at this inhuman usage, he was beaten over the head and face with a large cane, till he sank down senseless upon the deck, and the tyrant began to tremble, least the consequences of his barbarity should in the end prove fatal to himself. I ventured to hint to one of my fellow passengers, my abhorrence of such cruelty, and was told that if I suffered a single word to escape

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my lips, which might convey the slightest offence to any one of those *gentlemen* under whose absolute command I was, I should certainly meet with every insult that could render my situation uncomfortable, and should perhaps be confined the rest of the voyage to my cabin, under pretence of having conduced to lessen the authority of the Captain, and sow a spirit of dissension and mutiny among the crew.

However, I will quit so disagreeable a subject, and proceed to give you some account of the island of Madeira, which, after a month's confinement in my floating prison, seems to me quite a terrestrial Paradise. Madeira which is the largest of the Canary Islands, is situate in the Atlantic Ocean, in sixteen degrees of W. L. and thirty-three of N. L. and is about one hundred miles in circumference. The climate, though perhaps the finest in the world, must certainly be deemed hot by an inhabitant of the more northern latitudes. When first discovered by the Portugueze, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was entirely covered with wood, which being consumed by fire, the ashes have so fertilized the soil, that it produces incredible quantities of wine, which has this peculiar quality, that it keeps best in the hottest climates, and therefore scarce any other is drank either in the East or West Indies.

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The principal town, which is called Fonchal, is ill built and ugly, the streets are narrow, and the houses inconvenient. The churches and convents are very numerous, and the nuns, at least all those who are exposed to public view, have such little pretensions to personal charms, that their vows of chastity seem rather to have been the effect of necessity than of choice. They supply themselves with pocket-money by the sale of sword-knots, cockades, and other trumpery, which they convey through the double grates, by means of a cleft stick, to their English visitors. The Inquisition flourishes here in all its horrors, and the lower orders of people pay almost divine honours to the Priests. The town is garrisoned by a few companies of soldiers, whose appearance is totally unmartial, and who, I believe, would display very little military heroism in the service of his Most Faithful Majesty, should an enemy invade Madeira. The harbour is defended by a small fort erected on the summit of a rock, about three hundred yards distant from the main island, and accessible only by a winding and exceedingly narrow flight of steps. The Portugueze repose great confidence in this place of strength, and think it impregnable ; but, in my opinion, a single frigate would soon silence its batteries, and lay the

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town in ashes. The principal tavern, in which I have taken up my residence, is a large house, ill contrived and shabbily furnished. It is kept by an Irishman, who has a pretty wife, of whom he is extremely jealous. I live at the expence of near a guinea each day, for which I have a bad dinner and execrable wine; and I amuse myself in the evening at backgammon, with a Priest who is at least eighty years of age, above sixty of which he has spent upon the island.

To-morrow I expect to return on board, for at least ten weeks, to be fatigued with the same dull unvaried prospect of sky and water, and to be immured with savages, whose manners are as unpolished, as if they had been educated in the wildest deserts of Siberia. With what regret do I now look back on those happy hours which I spent with my lovely Charlotte, whose image is ever present to my imagination, in all the charms of native innocence and blooming youth.

My fellow passengers, whom I suppose a similarity of circumstances has collected from every quarter of the world, and engaged in the same pursuit after the riches of the East, form a groupe altogether entertaining enough, was my heart sufficiently at ease to be amused with trifles. They con-

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sist of two young ladies, who go out under the immediate protection of the Captain, in hopes that some wealthy Nabob may be attracted by the power of those charms, which they had in vain displayed at Highgate assembly, and at the city balls; an elderly gentleman, who formerly amassed a considerable fortune by trade in India, which he lost by speculating in the English funds; a young Hibernian, who finds it necessary to travel, till time shall have cooled the resentment of several noble families, whose sons and heirs have fallen by his hand in duels; and a Captain of the Bengal artillery, who revisited England in consequence of a wound he received in a rencounter with a tyger, and who daily amuses us with the various feats by which he has signalized himself, in the destruction of hyaenas, and wild buffalos. This motley groupe, with your humble servant, occupy the great cabin, the ladies in a separate apartment, and the gentlemen actually stowed on shelves just big enough to receive a small mattrass, like bales of cloth in a linen-draper's shop. I assure you no love-sick damsel ever longed for her wedding-day with more eagerness, than I look forward to that happy hour, when I shall be landed on the Indian shore.

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LETTER III.

Cape of Good Hope,
May, 1774.

I have now the satisfaction of acquainting my friend, that after a passage sufficiently tedious and unpleasant, I once more experience the comforts of life in the house of a fat, honest, and hospitable Dutchman. I will not trouble you with the occurrences of a voyage, in which I suppose, we met with the usual accidents that attend on contrary winds and stormy weather.

Imagine to yourself, that for several days successively, the waves rose mountains high, the winds roared, the sailors vied with the elements in noise, and that I betook myself quietly to my shelf, where I meditated on past follies, and formed aerial schemes of future wealth and magnificence. My companions indeed seemed to think that these inconveniences were amply compensated by the pleasure of feasting daily on turtle, of which we catched no less than sixty, of an enormous size, at the island of Ascension, where these animals are in amazing plenty, and are so much esteemed for the superior flavour of their fat, that I wonder those sons of gluttony, the aldermen of London, have not established a turtle-fishery upon the spot.

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Ascension is a small uninhabited island, midway between the coast of Africa and the Brazils. The beach is covered with innumerable sea-birds, which deposit their eggs in the sand, and are so exceedingly tame, that they will suffer you to tread on them as you walk along. In the centre of the island is a valley thinly covered with grass, where a few scattered bushes afford shelter to some goats formerly left there by an Indiaman; and there is a spring of water, but not large enough to be of any use to the ships, which touch here upon their return from India for the sole purpose of catching turtle. It is very unusual for an outward-bound ship to call here, and what induced our Captain in so wanton a manner to lose his time is, I believe, known only to himself. The mode of catching these animals is curious, and great activity is necessary in the undertaking. During the moon-light nights the female turtle come on shore to lay their eggs and to sleep upon the sand. The sailors, who go on shore early in the evening, post themselves at a considerable distance, observing the most profound silence, as the smallest noise would instantly alarm the turtle, and occasion their precipitate retreat into the water. At a proper opportunity they steal softly towards their prey, and the unfortunate unresisting turtle

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are thrown upon their backs, and left in that position till the morning, when they are conveyed to the ship, and are laid in rows upon the deck. Upwards of five hundred eggs have sometimes been found in one turtle; and it is remarkable, though they waste considerably, yet they will live several weeks without the least nourishment, and require only to be refreshed morning and evening with water.

I here can not forbear mentioning a circumstance, which shocking as it is to humanity, yet perfectly corresponded with the ideas I had before entertained of the brutality of an English sailor. Our men confessed that they had turned upwards of forty turtle more than they had brought on board, which they had left to perish by inches upon the beach, merely because they would not submit to the trouble of replacing them in a posture to help themselves. Strange that such barbarity should be familiar to the heart of man, and above all others of those men, whose situation, replete with danger, and hourly teeming with death and destruction, ought to inspire them with sentiments of universal benevolence, and teach them to pity even a poor helpless turtle expiring upon a desert shore.

The Cape of Good Hope is the most southern

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promontory of Africa, situate on sixteen degrees of East Latitude, and about thirty-four of South Longitude. The climate is hot, but so extremely healthy, that the gentlemen who reside in India, when enervated by the disorders incident to the country, and by their own debaucheries, seldom fail to re-establish their healths by a short visit to the Cape. The fruits of the earth are produced here in the greatest perfection ; and venison, fish, and poultry are in such abundance, that, under an English government, I know no place where a person of moderate income might live more comfortably. You may easily judge how cheap all the articles of life must be, when I assure you that I pay the trifling sum of one dollar each day for my board and lodging, and that my dinner, including an elegant desert and a most plentiful allowance of the *vin du pais*, would not disgrace the table of an English gentleman of three thousand a year estate. The Company's gardens which are the place of fashionable resort, are as large as St. James's Park ; the walks are kept in excellent order, and are shaded by beautiful rows of English oak. The Governor's house, which is a large handsome building, stands in the centre, and is, after the prevailing fashion of the Dutch, almost surrounded by a canal ; and at the upper end is a

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collection of the various wild beasts, which the uncultivated forests of Africa produce.

At present the conversation of the town is entirely taken up with the duel lately fought between the celebrated Captain David Roche, generally known by the appelation of Tyger Roche, and Captain Ferguson, belonging to the Company's land forces in Bengal. Ferguson fell in the engagement, and the story is here told rather to the disadvantage of Roche; but I believe there were no witnesses, who could prove the least improper behaviour on the part of Roche, and that his accusers were influenced by a most unjust and cruel prejudice. However, he secured his retreat on board a French ship then lying in the harbour, and is by this time arrived in India; the severity of the Dutch laws against duelling rendering it absolutely necessary for him to adopt the most expeditious mode of escaping from their territories.

Our stay at this agreeable place will not exceed ten days, when we shall bid farewel to the sight of land till we arrive on the Coromandel Coast.

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LETTER IV.

Joanna, July, 1774.

When we left the Cape, I little thought any occurrence would have happened previous to our arrival in India worthy the notice of my friend; but I find myself agreeably disappointed by the sudden resolution of the Captain to touch at the island of Joanna, where we arrived the twenty-ninth of June, and found two East Indiamen, one of which will sail tomorrow for England, and the other lies dismasted, and deserted by her crew, upon a reef of rocks, which project about a mile into the sea, near the entrance of the harbour, for which they were steering with a fair wind and under an easy sail, when the neglect or ignorance of the officer on duty occasioned this melancholy event. On board this ship the unfortunate Roche had taken his passage at the island of Bourbon to prosecute his voyage to Bombay, when his evil destiny threw him into his present deplorable situation. He now leads a most unhappy life, amidst the execrations of the seamen, who look on him as another Jonas, and think themselves involved in the punishment, which the Almighty thus miraculously has inflicted upon the wretch who has dared to violate his commandments.

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Whatever the faults of Roche may be, I am sure the want of hospitality is not one. Having formerly known his sister, who is married to one of the Judges lately appointed to Bengal, I took the liberty of introducing myself, and was received by him in his Indian hut with a politeness and affability which would have done honour to a more splendid mansion. I was shocked to see a gentleman, who had once experienced all the elegancies of life, labouring under such unmerited distress, and was easily persuaded to alleviate the horrors of his solitude, during the few days we shall remain at Joanna, by bringing my bed on shore, and sharing with him the conveniences of his hut, which, though not overburthened with furniture or with superfluous ornaments, is yet a very comfortable retreat, when compared to a dirty cabin. He related to me all the circumstances of his duel, together with the various provocations, which as a military man he was obliged to resent ; and declared his intention of demanding an impartial trial upon his arrival at Bombay, when I doubt not of his being honourably acquitted of every aspersion which the malice of his enemies has wantonly thrown upon his character.

Joanna is situate between the N. W. side of the island of Madagascar and the coast of Africa, in

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forty-five degrees of E. L. and twelve of S. L. It is a most commodious watering place for East Indiamen, the harbour being perfectly secure even in the most stormy weather, and the country abounding with provisions. Pine apples, water melons, oranges, mangoes, and all the fruits of the torrid zone are here in the highest perfection, and are so extremely cheap, that the natives, who seem to have very little idea of the value of money, will readily give as much as would load a wheelbarrow in exchange for a blanket or an old shirt. They profess the Mahometan religion, and have a plurality of wives. Their King is a most absolute monarch, but governs his subjects with lenity and moderation. No crime is here punished with so much severity as theft, and yet I believe the children from their earliest infancy are taught to steal; a convincing proof that the severest laws are not the best calculated for the suppression of vice. The first offence is punished with loss of the left hand; for the second, the right is forfeited; and the third, however great the rank of the offender, is inevitable death. I saw several of these wretches who had suffered a single amputation, and one who had lost both his hands, and yet was reckoned the most dexterous pickpocket upon the island.

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The crew of the ship-wrecked Indiaman are dispersed upon the beach, some in temporary sheds covered with remnants of the sails, and some in huts built after the Indian fashion, and thatched with the boughs of trees. The Captain resides in a house which was presented to him by his Majesty, and is really much more habitable than could be expected from the rude hands of such untutored workmen. The major part of the crew are to return to Europe in the homeward-bound Indiamen; the principal officers, and about twenty of the men, are to revisit India with us, and poor Roche is to wait for some future opportunity of transporting himself to Bombay.

I had long foreseen, from the various broils which disturbed the peace of our little government, that some very serious consequences must ensue: and my observation has been in some degree justified by a most curious, and I believe, unexampled duel (if a duel it may be called) which took place yesterday between the young Hibernian, of whom I made honourable mention in a former letter, and the second officer of our ship, in consequence of a box, which, in the heat of argument, the latter had rather hastily applied to the ear of the cadet. Seven in the evening was the hour appointed for this tre-

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mendous combat, and we were all impatient for the event, as the enraged Irishman had sworn that he would satiate his fury with the blood of his antagonist, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more sacrificing a human victim to his injured honour. Both parties were punctual to the appointment, and their seconds had taken care they should be furnished with pistols of no despicable length, and in case those failed of the necessary execution, the matter was to be finally decided by the sword. Every thing being now settled, the combatants were placed back to back, and were ordered to march five paces forward, and then to turn round and fire. The sailor who seemed determined to pay the most implicit obedience to his second, stalked with a slow and solemn step the appointed number of paces, and turning round discharged his pistol, when, to his infinite astonishment, he beheld the cadet far enough out of the reach of pistol-shot, and exerting all his agility to gain a mangoe grove, about three hundred yards distant from the field of battle. You may guess what a fund of entertainment this little accident has afforded us, and how many unpleasant jests the Hibernian hero must in future undergo, who will stand in need of all his native impudence to support such complicated disgrace.

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LETTER V.

Madras, August, 1774.

The children of Israel, when released from their Babylonish captivity, could not have welcomed the happy hour of their deliverance with more exquisite joy than what I felt on the morning of the eighth, when we anchored in Madras Roads, and prepared ourselves for a visit to Fort St. George, which is the principal of the Company's settlements on the Coromandel coast, situate in 80 degrees of E. L. and 13 of L. and from the natural beauties of its situation, as well as the extreme healthiness of the climate, is with justice stiled the Montpelier of the East. Our Captain, to whom I had lately rendered some trifling services by supplying the place of Secretary, now made very ample amends for that attention which I had paid to his affairs, by the obliging offer of his house and table, while we should remain on shore; a most fortunate circumstance for me, who must otherwise have taken up my lodgings in a dirty punch-house.

On the ninth I accompanied the Captain on shore, and the following morning I paid my compliments to the Governor, who received me with great affability and politeness, and without any of that pompous ceremony which I supposed inse-

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parable from Oriental greatness. From the little I have hitherto seen, I feel myself highly prepossessed in favour of Madras. The elegance of the buildings, the beautiful rows of trees, which form an agreeable shade on each side of the streets, and the universal appearance of wealth and magnificence, must strike forcibly on the eyes of a stranger, and indeed have not in the least disappointed those pleasing ideas which I had formed of Asiatic grandeur. The houses of the English gentlemen are lofty and well proportioned, and from their construction are so extremely cool, that I can scarcely believe myself in the torrid zone. Every person who can afford it has a country retreat at the distance of a few miles, which is called a garden-house, and is fitted up with peculiar elegance. The form of Government here somewhat resembles an English corporation, all matters of law being referred to a Court of Mayor and Alderman where justice is administered in a very summary way, without any of that infamous chicanery, and those, oppressive delays, which disgrace our courts in England. In religious matters here is a universal toleration. The Jew, the Christian, the disciple of Brahma, and the worshipper of Mahomet pursue each his favourite system and no man seems inclined to

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dispute with his neighbour which is the easiest road to Heaven.

At a short distance from the fort, at a village called Triplicane, resides the Nabob of Arcot, who is acknowledged an ally of the British empire, and is by the treaty of Paris an independent Prince. He keeps a very splendid court, where the English meet with every mark of attention, and are often preferred to very lucrative posts about his person. He has twelve battalions of foot, and several regiments of dragoons, commanded by English officers, and tolerably well versed in the European art of war. This Prince has lately acquired a considerable addition to his territorial possessions by the capture of Tanjour, which (with all its dependencies) surrendered to the united forces of the Nabob and Company, after an obstinate siege of several months. The deposed King is now a prisoner in that capital, which was once his own, and I suppose will soon fall a sacrifice to that cruel policy of the East, which too often deprives an unfortunate monarch of his crown and life together. The prize money on this occasion distributed to the army amounted to an immense sum, the share of the Commander in Chief alone being calculated at one hundred thousand pounds. The kingdom, of which Tanjour is

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the capital, lies about two hundred miles to the south-west of Madras, being separated from the island of Ceylon by a narrow channel, and was hitherto governed by a Prince who was tributary to the great Mogul. The river Colleroon, which runs near the walls of Tanjour, at stated period overflows, and fertilizes the land, as the Nile does that of Egypt. The waters are extremely rapid, and, like those of the Ganges, are held sacred by the natives. The capital of the Nabob's dominion is Arcot ; a large and well fortified town, near one hundred miles to the westward of Madras ; but he has for some years past resided entirely at Triplicane, where under the immediate protection of the English, his person is secure from either foreign or domestic enemy, and where he is at hand to influence the Governor and Council, as his own interest shall require, by the power of all-prevailing gold. He has three sons, the second of whom is his favourite, and is Captain General of his army.

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LETTER VI.

Madras, August, 1774.

I yesterday dined at the Governor's public table, and spent a most agreeable evening at his garden-house. The dinner was elegant, the attendants numerous, and indeed every thing bore the appearance rather of regal splendor, than of the domestic establishment of a Governor, who is not even the representative of a crowned head. We retired soon after dinner, according to the custom of the country, to take our afternoon's nap, which the heat of the climate renders absolutely necessary for the refreshment of our bodies, which must necessarily be weakened by a continual perspiration. In the evening I ordered my palanquin, that I might indulge myself with a view of the country previous to the hour of meeting at the Governor's. A palanquin is a couch covered with an arched canopy, and supported on the shoulders of men; a most luxurious mode of conveyance, I assure you, and well adapted to a country, where even the motion of a carriage is deemed too violent an exercise for the effeminate inhabitants. I found the appearance of the country extremely beautiful, the roads shaded by trees, whose branches entirely exclude the rays of the sun and numberless little boxes interspersed amidst

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fields and rice grounds, forming altogether the most elegant landscape that can be conceived.

On my arrival at the Governor's, where I found the company already assembled, I was most agreeably surprised at the sight of several card-tables which were filled with English ladies, who, though the sun had rather tarnished their complexions, still retained charms sufficient even to have captivated an eastern monarch. They were dressed in light muslins, the produce of the country, and seemed totally to have laid aside that unbecoming stiffness, which too often contributes to diminish the charms of the British fair. Our entertainment was superb, the wines were excellent, and a universal spirit of good humour and conviviality prevailed. Indeed, I felt myself so perfectly at ease, and partook so heartily of the general mirth, that I believe I did not once in the whole evening devote a single thought to my poor forsaken Charlotte. Do not however think me already inconstant or suppose that I have so soon banished the remembrance of that dear girl from my breast. Her image is at this moment present to my eyes, and I think of the delicious moments which I have spent with her as of a fairy tale, or a dream never to be accomplished.

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I this morning rose before the sun, and paid a visit to the Black Town, which stands about a mile to the northward of the fort, and is inhabited by merchants from all the quarters of the globe. Its appearance, when contrasted with that of Fort St. George, is mean and shabby, but still there are some tolerable streets, several churches, handsomely decorated with the offerings of the superstitious, and some Pagodas or Indian Temples. The habitations of the natives are low and ill-contrived, consisting generally of two or three dismal apartments surrounding a small court, their jealousy forbidding the use of windows, least the persons of their women should be polluted by the unhallowed eyes of strangers.

It is well known that in all countries priestcraft flourishes in proportion to the ignorance of the people, and no country affords a more ample field for it than India. Immense sums have been lavished by the Gentoos in building Pagodas and in offerings to their Gods. Even their most beautiful women are consecrated to the church, and their virgin charms are rifled by the priests. They are called dancing girls, and they assist at all religious ceremonies, processions, and at weddings. They are both by religion and profession prostitutes, being

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restricted from marrying, and obliged by vow to submit to the embraces of every man of their own cast or sect, who shall request the favour. They are much admired by the European gentlemen, whom they are very ready to oblige, as they find them so much more generous than their own countrymen.

The Mahometans, or, as they are here called, the Moormen, are a very different race of people from the Gentoos. They are not originally natives of the country, but having formerly overrun it by force of arms, they still keep possession of what they won by their valour, nor will the pusillanimous Gentoos ever recover the lost inheritance of their forefathers, till they have shaken off those shackles which superstition and priestcraft have imposed upon them. The Moormen are all soldiers of fortune, and their sword is their religion. They boast that they derive their descent from the mighty Tamerlane, and to such a pitch do they carry their veneration for their noble ancestor, that they would punish the slightest word of disrespect against his name with the immediate death of the offender.

On the twentieth we shall re-embark, and proceed on our voyage to Bengal, where, if I find the same hospitable manners and as much agreeable

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society as I have experienced at Madras, I shall think the dangers of the voyage amply compensated, and shall heartily congratulate myself on my arrival in a country, where, amidst the dazzling temptations of wealth, the pursuit of riches is not suffered to interfere with the pleasures of social intercourse.

LETTER VII.

Calcutta, Oct. 1774.

On the tenth of last month we arrived in the river Hughley, and came to an anchor at Culpee, where a Budgeroe, or Indian boat, somewhat resembling a state barge upon the Thames, attended from my friend Hancock * to convey me to Calcutta. The navigation of the Hughley is extremely dangerous, from the continual shifting of the sands, and from the numerous shoals, against which the ships are guarded by buoys placed at certain distances, and are directed by small pilot sloops, which at the Company's expence constantly attend the Indiamen. On the banks of the river stands Fort

* See "A Friend of Warren Hastings" by Sydney Grier in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1904, p. 497.

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William, which is considerably larger than Madras, and is garrisoned by an European regiment and by several companies of Seapoys or native soldiers. About a mile farther is the town of Calcutta, which is near three leagues in circumference, and is so irregularly built, that it looks as if the houses had been placed wherever chance directed; here the lofty mansion of an English Chief, and there the thatched hovel of an Indian cooly. The Bezars, or markets, which stand in the middle of the town, are streets of miserable huts, and every Indiaman who occupies one of these is called a merchant. There is a noble playhouse—but no church, the want of which is supplied by a spacious apartment * in the old fort adjoining to the room so well known by the name of the Black Hole, and rendered famous by the deaths of our unfortunate countrymen, when the Nabob Surajah Dowlah took Calcutta by storm. An English lady, who saw her husband perish at her feet, survived that miserable catastrophe, and the tyrant was so captivated with her beauty, that he promoted her to the honour of his bed, and she remained seven years in his seraglio, when she

* St. John's Chapel. See Hyde's *Parish of Bengal*. For the Theatre see Mrs. Fay's *Original Letters* and *Hartly House* (Reprints.)

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was released, at the request of Governor Vansittart, and is now alive at Calcutta. *

You know I went out particularly recommended to Mr. Hancock, whom I formerly knew in England, and whose lady is my near relation. I want words to express my gratitude for the favours with which this gentleman has loaded me. He has given me an apartment in his house, has furnished me with a superfluity of all the articles of dress, &c. and even granted me an unlimited order for money on his Sarcar or cash-bearer. You will perhaps laugh at the idea of cash-bearer, but I assure you in this country no gentleman takes the trouble of keeping his own money. It is entrusted to the Sarcar, whose friends are responsible for his honesty, and to him all tradesmens bills, and demands for the current expences of the house, are presented the first of every month. This man is under the controul of the Banyan or head steward, who hires and discharges all inferior domestics at his pleasure, and is the agent in all commercial con-

* It is consoling to be able to say that none of the English ladies suffered in this way. "Asiaticus" apparently refers to the exploded myth about "pretty Mrs. Carey." The lady who experienced the greatest danger in this way was Mrs. Bowers who was according to a story told in *Hicky's Gazette*, taken captive to Chunar, but made her escape before harm befell her.

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cerns. I have been presented to the Governor General by Mr. Hancock, * who has been for many years on terms of the most intimate friendship with him, and to whose recommendation he never fails of paying immediate attention. The manners of Mr. Hastings are extremely engaging and his deportment totally void of that ostentatious pride, which too often throws a shade over the virtues of those men, in whom such supreme authority is vested. He possesses a great fund of classical learning, and is perfect master of the Oriental languages. But the most amiable part of his character is his attention to the distresses of the indigent. To him the widow and the fatherless never apply in vain for relief, nor has he ever been known to withhold the pitying hand of charity from those objects, whose poverty has been the effect of misfortune and not of vice. I have received the most flattering assurances from him, that some provision shall be made for me in the military line; and I understand from my friend, that it is the intention of the Governor to procure me a lucrative appointment in the service of the Nabob of Oude. At present I shall continue to reside with Mr. Hancock, whose general knowledge

* See the *Original Letters of Mrs. Fay* (Reprint), p. 14.

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of mankind renders him a most agreeable companion, and who, though upwards of fifty years of age, still retains all the fire and pleasantry of youth.

The principal diversions of Calcutta are balls, card parties, and what are called the Europe shops, which are literally magazines of every European article either of luxury or convenience. These early in the morning are the public rendezvous of the idle and gay, who here propagate the scandal of the day, and purchase at an immoderate price the toys of Mr. Pinchback, and the frippery of Tavistock-street. In the evening the roads for several miles round the town are filled with chariots, whiskeys, and phaetons, each horse being attended by a naked black, who trots close to the carriage, covered with sweat and dust. The palanquins are like the sedan chairs in England, but carried on the shoulders of men, who sing a most unmelodious song as they run along with their burthen.

Most of the gentlemen, who have resided any length of time in India, are much addicted to the Hooka, a most curious machine for smoaking tobacco through water, the smoke being conveyed by a tube of amazing length, which is called a snake, and is washed with rose water. Even the writers,

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whose salary and perquisites scarce amount to two hundred pounds a year contrive to be attended wherever they go by their Hooka-burdar, or servant whose duty is to replenish the Hooka with the necessary ingredients, and to keep up the fire with his breath. But extravagant as the English are in their Hooka, their equipage, and their tables, yet all this is absolute parsimony, when compared to the expences of a seraglio ; a luxury which only those can enjoy, whose rank in the service entitles them to a princely income, and whose Haram, like the state-horses of a monarch, is considered as a necessary appendage to Eastern grandeur. However, you would think even this extravagance in some degree pardonable, had you once experienced the attractive charms of an Asiatic beauty. I have seen ladies of the Gentoo cast, so exquisitely formed, with limbs so divinely turned, and such expression in their eyes, that if you can reconcile yourself to their complexions, you must acknowledge them not inferior to the most celebrated beauties of Europe. For my own part, I already begin to think the dazzling brightness of a copper-coloured face infinitely preferable to the pallid and sickly hue, which banishes the roses from the cheeks of the European fair, and reminds me of the deathstruck

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countenance of Lazarus risen from the grave. The English ladies are immoderately fond of dancing, an exercise ill calculated for the burning climate of Bengal; and in my opinion, however admissible in cooler latitudes, not a little indelicate in a country, where the inhabitants are covered with no more cloaths than what decency absolutely requires. Imagine to yourself the lovely object of your affections ready to expire with heat, every limb trembling, and every feature distorted with fatigue, and her partner with a muslin handkerchief in each hand employed in the delightful office of wiping down her face, while the big drops stand impearled upon her forehead; and then ask your own heart, if an Indian damsel just risen from the limpid bath, in all the native charms of cleanliness and artless beauty, is not much more likely to inspire you with sentiments of desire and love.

LETTER VIII.

Calcutta, Dec, 1774.

When I last wrote to my dear friend, I had flattered myself with the hopes of being speedily fixed in a situation, which would have been attended with considerable pleasure as well as profit,

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as I had promised myself an inexhaustible fund of entertainment from visiting the interior parts of India. These hopes were at first delayed by a violent inflammation of the liver, which, for three weeks, confined me to my bed, and are now totally cut off by the arrival of the newly appointed members of the Supreme Council, * who uniformly oppose every measure that Mr. Hastings recommends, and thus effectually deprive his dependants of that provision, which they looked up to from his goodness and liberality. I am now so weak that I can scarcely hold my pen; and I assure you, that the Knight of La Mancha could not boast a more woeful countenance than what my looking-glass now exhibits to my view. I attribute my disorder to certain acts of intemperance, which I have committed contrary to the advice of Mr. Hancock, who most kindly represented to me the fatal consequences of filling too many bumpers to the health of my absent friends. However, I am now taught a lesson by which I hope to profit in future, and shall henceforward be a better œconomist of my constitution. I think the old proverb, which says, that misfortunes seldom come singly, is now verified in me. I have received

* Arrived Oct. 29th, 1774.

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a letter from my father, reprobating in severe terms my attachment to Miss Rivers, and painting in the strongest colours the folly of such romantic engagements. I confess his opinion in some degree to be just, but I wish that his letter had been couched in more gentle terms. The same ship brought me also a packet from my Charlotte, by which I understand that I had scarcely sailed from England before her old admirer at the Grove renewed his addresses to her, and that her father seemed very much inclined to countenance them. Mr. Rivers had not yet in plain terms declared his sentiments, but had just hinted to her the uncertainty of my return from India; talked of the natural inconstancy of young men; and dwelt much on the happiness of that woman, who should be so fortunate as to engage the affections of Mr. Greville. Her letter is filled with alternate expressions of hope and fear, her concern at not hearing from me at every place where she imagines we touched during the voyage, and ends as it began with eternal vows of love and constancy.

Such is the present situation of my affairs. My family is displeased with me; I have already lost my hopes of promotion in Bengal, and am

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likely to lose my mistress at home. Mr. Hancock advises me to return to Madras, where the recommendations of Mr. Hastings to the Governor of Fort St. George cannot fail of procuring me a commission, and where I may gather perhaps a greater quantity of military laurels than of sterling gold. As soon as my health is perfectly re-established, I believe I shall take his advice, for I see very little prospect of succeeding here, as the numerous dependants, which have arrived in the train of the Judges, and of the new Commander in Chief of the Forces, will of course be appointed to all the posts of any emolument; and I must do those gentlemen the justice to observe, that, both in number and rapacity, they exactly resemble an army of locusts sent to devour the fruits of the earth.

The inhabitants of Calcutta seem to be not a little displeased at the new form of government, which the Judges, or, as they call themselves, the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal have already began to introduce. The Mayor's Court is abolished, and the same legal process which is used at Westminster now prevails. The Attornies, who have followed the Judges in search of prey, as the carrion crows do an Indian army on its march, are

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extremely successful in supporting the spirit of litigation among the natives, who, like children, delighted with a new play-thing, are highly pleased with the opportunity of harassing one another by vexatious suits; and those pests of society, called bailiffs, a set of miscreants hitherto little known in India, are now to be seen in every street watching for the unhappy victims devoted to legal persecution. Even the menial servants are now tutored to breathe that insolent spirit of English licentiousness, which teaches the slave to insult his master, and then bring his action of damages at Westminster, if deservedly chastised for his impudence.* Arbitrary fines are daily imposed on gentlemen who presume to correct their slaves; and the house of the Chief Justice of Bengal resembles the office of a trading magistrate in Westminster, who decides the squabbles of oyster-women, and picks up a livelihood by the sale of shilling warrants.

* See "The Memoirs of Cel. Pearse" *Bengal: Past & Present,* vol II., no. 4.

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LETTER IX.

Calcutta, April, 1775.

The same untoward destiny, which has hitherto blasted all my prospects, has still pursued me, and I have within the short space of a few revolving months experienced all the variegated misery of sicknes, shipwreck, captivity, and hunger. Finding my views in Bengal so cruelly disappointed, and hoping that the recommendations of the Governor General would procure me a permanent establishment at Madras, on Christmas day I bid adieu to my generous benefactor, and embarked on board a country vessel, so called in contradiction to the ships of Europe, and navigated by Lascars, or Indian sailors. We fell down the river without any accident, and the season of the year being not unfavourable, our Commander, who had been many years in the service, and was perfectly acquainted with the navigation of the Indian seas, flattered us with the agreeable prospect of a speedy voyage to Madras. However, that ruling destiny, which presides over the events of this world, had ordained it otherwise, and I was doomed to meet with every aggravated distress, which a tempestuous sea and an inhospitable shore could heap upon me.

On the 30th of December our pilot left us, and

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we congratulated ourselves on our escape from the shoals and quicksands so dangerous to inexperienced navigators in the mouth of the Ganges. On the first of January, about seven in the evening, the wind freshened so much, and the sky bore so threatening an appearance that the Captain thought it necessary to take in part of his sails, and prepare for the approaching gale. Before five the next morning it blew a perfect hurricane, and in a few hours more the Lascars, who are active enough in fine weather, but are most egregious cowards in the moment of danger, were so overpowered with fatigue and terror, that they forsook the deck ; nor could all the endeavours of the Captain, who remonstrated, begged, and even threatened them with immediate death, bring them back to their duty. In this situation, while the waves broke incessantly over the deck, and swept away every thing before them, we remained at the mercy of the elements till about two in the morning of the third, when the vessel struck with such violence upon the ground, that the masts went overboard ; the lower parts of the ship were filled with water, and we sat almost petrified in the cabin, in momentary expectation of being launched into eternity. Under these shocking circumstances, nearly suffocated with the

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water which poured in upon us, and trembling least the ship should part, from the violence with which she thumped, we remained till the dawn of day, when, with difficulty, we crawled upon the deck, and discovered land at the distance of about six leagues, surrounded by breakers, and seeming to tantalize us with a view of that safety which we imagined beyond our reach. However, the Captain, whose resolution throughout this trying scene had never forsaken him, now recommended to us to exert all our strength in preparing a raft, which might convey those on shore whom the only remaining boat could not contain; and he entreated us not to neglect this opportunity which Providence had offered for our relief, while the ship should hang together. Animated by his example, we laboured with all the diligence of men struggling for their lives, and soon completed a raft of such booms and masts as the sea had spared us, and launched it upon the waves. On this awkward machine, so hastily put together, and fastened only with ropes, we embarked, twenty-six in number, and committed ourselves to the ocean. In less than ten minutes we saw the boat, which the Lascars had loaded to the water's edge, overwhelmed by a mountanious wave and almost at the same ins-

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tant the ship went to pieces, and the wretched part of the crew, who, stupified with despair, had awaited their fate upon the deck, were buried in one watery grave. It was not a season for us to lament the fate of others. We each moment expected to share the same destiny, having neither sail nor paddle to direct our raft, when a huge surf overset the unwieldy machine, and twelve of our companions sunk to rise no more. The rest with infinite difficulty regained the raft, which being now considerably lightened, the wind blew us gradually towards the shore where, about half an hour before sun-set, we landed, almost fainting with fatigue and hunger, and our limbs so benumbed with cold, that we were utterly unable to seek for a place of shelter, either from the inclemency of the weather, or from the fury of those beasts, which we apprehended would prove less merciful to us than the ocean which we had just escaped from.

Our fears, however, proved groundless, and we recruited our wasted spirits by a profound sleep, uninterrupted by the visitors which we so much dreaded, and whose presence afterwards became more familiar to us. Our first object in the morning was to discover a spring of fresh water, that we might allay our thirst, through which we had

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suffered considerably during the last four and twenty hours. This we were fortunate enough to accomplish, and we then commenced our journey along the sea-shore, and after travelling about two leagues arrived on the banks of a river, the water of which we found brackish and unpalatable. Here we observed the footsteps of men, and from the smoke which we perceived issuing from amidst the trees in a neighbouring grove, we justly concluded that we should find an Indian village. As our circumstances admitted of no hesitation, we marched boldly on, and after pursuing the tract for about a mile, we arrived at a spot covered with a few pretty huts, the inhabitants of which fled precipitately at our approach, notwithstanding our tokens of submission, and the wretched appearance of our defenceless company, which was more calculated to inspire pity than terror. However, as our appetites became rather pressing, we took possession of their huts without ceremony, where we found abundance of rice and several earthen vessels filled with the liquor of the cocoa-nut, which proved a most comfortable meal to poor creatures, who had actually kept a most rigid fast for at least three days. We had scarcely finished our breakfast, and were forming our future plan

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of operations, when we were alarmed by the sound of horns, trumpets, and several other uncouth instruments, which the Indians make use of when they go to battle; and keeping out of our hiding places, we found ourselves surrounded by at least five hundred men, armed with matchlocks, pikes, sabres, and bows of an amazing length. We immediately implored their mercy and protection by the most submissive gestures, and fortunately a Lascar speaking the language of the country, explained to them the circumstances of our shipwreck, and assured them they should be most liberally rewarded, if they would conduct us to the nearest English settlement. An elderly Indian, who, from the respect which the rest paid him, appeared to be their Chief, assured us of his protection, and ordered us to be conducted to a hovel on the outskirts of the village, where we were desired by our guards to repose ourselves, and were permitted the honour of sitting down among their oxen, which in India are used as beasts of birthen and enjoy at least as comfortable habitations as their masters. They did not, however, omit the previous ceremony of stripping us of everything valuable we had about us. Our watches, buckles, and what little money we had

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in our pockets were soon taken from us, with as much avidity and as little ceremony as if we had been cast away on the western coast of England, and fallen into the hands of the humane inhabitants of Cornwall.

We found that the fatal spot, where our ship and the major part of her unhappy crew had perished, was called Carrica Bay, situate midway between Point Palmyra and False Point, places well known to the Indian navigators, and like Charybdis of old, rendered famous by the destruction of unfortunate mariners. We were now reduced to the miserable situation of subsisting on the charity of savages, naked, helpless, and imploring the pity of the inhabitants of that once happy country, whose provinces have been desolated, and whose sons have so oft been sacrificed, on the altars of European avarice. However our captivity was not of long continuance; a Lascar having found the means to escape to Balasore, where he communicated the particulars of our distress to the English Resident, and convinced him of the necessity of taking some speedy measures for our relief. Mr. Marriot, whose humanity and benevolence I shall ever acknowledge in the highest terms of gratitude, made immediate appli-

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cation to the Rajah of Catack, * then in alliance with the Company, to whose authority our masters were, in some degree, subject, and procured an order for our release, and for a guard to attend us to Balasore. I believe little attention would have been paid to this order, had not Mr. Marriot prudently hinted to the Rajah, the consequence of the Governor General's displeasure, should the servants of the Company be detained or ill-treated in those districts over which he presided. This had its proper effect upon the Rajah, who took such effectual steps to restore us to our liberty, that on the twenty-sixth of February we were permitted to proceed on our journey, and were escorted by a body of men sufficient to protect us from insults upon the road. Our little company was now reduced to four Europeans, and six Lascars, the second mate of the ship having fallen a martyr to fatigue and sickness; Mr. Edwards, a writer on the Madras establishment, a most amiable young man, and who deserved a better fate, having expired in the greatest agonies from the bite of a snake; and the Portuguese

* A dependent of the Maharatta house at Nagpur. Mr. Randolph Marriot's name, as Chief of the English Factory at Balasore, is frequently found in extant records.

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surgeon having suddenly disappeared, whether, after the example of the Lascar, he escaped to some neighbouring settlement, or was devoured by tygers in the woods, we never learnt. We proceeded, by easy marches, through a country beautiful by nature, but utterly destitute of cultivation; and, for the first three days, met with no accident that could interrupt our tranquility, or diminish the joy we felt at our approaching deliverance. On the morning of the fourth, as we travelled along the side of a large wood, the chief mate unfortunately loitering behind, and perhaps careless from the security of the preceding days, was seized by a tyger that had lurked beneath a thicket, and was carried instantly from our view, in spite of all our endeavours, and the united efforts of our guard to save him. It is remarkable, that this unhappy man had ever treated the Lascars under his command with such severity, that his name inspired them with terror. It was believed, that more than one had died through his cruelty; and during the few days which preceded our shipwreck, he had omitted no opportunity of chastising these inoffensive creatures for the most trifling fault. I sincerely pitied him in the moment of his untimely death, but, I think, I

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shall not be deemed uncharitable, if I express a wish, that every tyrant may meet a similar fate. For where shall the oppressor of his fellow-creatures, find so proper a tomb, as in the maw of the most ferocious of the brute creation?

During the rest of our journey we met with no other inconvenience than what necessarily arise from fatigue, and from the want of shoes to protect our feet from the loose stones, of which the roads were full, and on the sixteenth of March arrived safe at Balasore. Here we were entertained with every possible mark of attention by Mr. Marriot, who furnished us with wearing apparel in great abundance and politely insisted on our remaining a few days with him, that we might, at his hospitable table, recover health and spirits to prosecute our journey to Calcutta. We spent a most agreeable week with this worthy gentleman, to whom I shall ever hold myself indebted for my deliverance from captivity and death; and then embarked in a small sloop for Calcutta, which we reached without any accident, to the surprize and joy of our friends, who had supposed us buried in the ocean, and now received us as men risen from the grave. My obligations to Mr. Hancock on this occasion, are beyond the

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power of words to express. He had, with unfeigned sorrow, lamented my untimely end, and he now welcomed my return to life and liberty with tears of sincere affection. The Governor General too, whose generous heart ever felt for the distresses of the unfortunate, in the politest terms congratulated me on my deliverance, and renewed his offer of recommendations to Madras.

In a very few days I shall again tempt the faithless ocean, but shall previously appease the God of Tempests, by frequent libations of Mr. Hancock's claret, which, I believe, to be full as acceptable an offering as the celebrated Falernum of the ancients.

LETTER X.

Madras, June, 1775,

My dearest friend's letter, which I received a few days after my arrival at Madras, has given me the highest satisfaction. Indeed I know of no pleasure equal to that of hearing from an absent friend, and enjoying that mutual intercourse of sentiments, of which even the vast expanse of ocean,

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that divides us, cannot rob us. Your interview with my father, whose goodness of heart has ever been conspicuous, though sometimes the violence of his passions may rise superior to his natural benevolence, will, I doubt not, be productive of the desired advantage to me. His resentment will of course subside, when the cause from which it sprang has ceased, and the marriage of Miss Rivers, which I suppose my next packet will announce, will obliterate the remembrance of every past folly. I assure you, I *blame* not Miss Rivers. I accuse her not of broken vows, nor do I invoke the offended God of Love to punish the inconstant fair. The days of romantic courtship have long been over, and Arcadian scenes of cottage felicity have lost their charms. I think she has displayed no little judgment in preferring a present establishment to a future uncertain prospect, and I most sincerely wish her happy.

My own situation begins already to afford me the most flattering prospect. I arrived at this agreeable place on the thirtieth of last month, after a passage of five weeks, which, at this time of the year, is far from tedious. I reside at present with Mr. Adams, who is Master Intendant at Fort St. George, and has, besides the house allowed him by the

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Company, a most elegant little mansion in the parish of St. Thomas, about a league distant from Madras. To the Governor of Madras I wanted no introduction, as I had on my first arrival at India the honour of being presented to him; and the letter which I now brought from Mr. Hastings ensured me a favourable reception. However, my expectations from this quarter I knew to be inconsiderable, as an Ensigncy in the Company's service was the most I had a right to expect, or indeed was in the power of the Governor to bestow. This, however, was not to be refused, and a commission has been given me with the pay of five shillings a day; an income, not only insufficient to procure the luxuries of life, but even greatly inadequate to the common necessaries. From General Joseph Smith,* Commander in Chief of the Forces on this coast, I had farther views, and in these I have fortunately succeeded. I have mentioned to you, in a former letter, that the Nabob of Arcot had several regiments commanded by European Officers, whose salaries were considerable, and whose emoluments, from the nature of their commands, far removed from the capital, and subject only to military law, must be very great; an appointment under this

* See article in Buckland's *Dictionary of Indian Biography.*

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Prince appeared to me to be no despicable object, nor did I hesitate to prefer the service of an Indian Monarch to the honour, however great it may be deemed, of carrying arms in the employment of a Trading Company. General Smith approved of my intentions, and introduced me in such terms to the Nabob, that I have been at once promoted to the command of a troop of horse, and I am now a constant attendant at the Durbar, till I shall receive orders to join my corps, which is encamped near two hundred miles to the southward of Madras, on the banks of the river Colleroon.

From the short visit, which I before paid to Madras, I had entertained the most favourable ideas of a place, whose inhabitants I found so perfectly sociable with each other, and so truly hospitable to strangers. I am happy to say, that a nearer view has not in the smallest degree altered my sentiments, or induced me to feel any other regret for the settlement which I have left, than what gratitude naturally inspires me with for the loss of a friend, to whose kind exertions I owe my present fortunate situation. Under the friendly roof of Mr. Adams I enjoy all the luxuries of life, in a most unlimited degree. I have horses and servants at my command; a palanquin, where the

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heat renders the exercise of riding inconvenient; and I have free access to the palace of the Nabob, who is uncommonly affable in his manners, and possesses none of that ferocity which we suppose inseparable from a despotic Monarch of the East, who too frequently wades to an usurped throne through the blood of his predecessor; and whom the pleasures of the Haram, and the intoxicating gratification of sensual appetites, render, in his turn, an easy victim to an ambitious Minister, and a venal soldiery.

The nature of a despotic government is in all countries nearly the same. The Monarch is above the law, and so long as he can support his authority, his subjects bow submissive to his tyrannic nod; but his power depends on the fidelity of his guards, and he is himself the slave of that very army which he uses as the instrument of oppression and of arbitrary sway.

The army of an Eastern despot is controuled only by its own interest or caprice and so were once the mighty legions of Rome. No sooner was the senate roused by a spirit of liberty, and by a sense of its former greatness, than the sword of the Prætorian bands crushed suddenly the aspiring emulation. A dissolute soldiery thrust Imperial

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Galba from the throne, when Rome was the unrivalled mistress of the world; and Nadir Shaw, a mere adventurer, carried fire and sword into the heart of India, and obliged even the Great Mogul to tremble on his throne.

LETTER XI.

Madras, July, 1775.

Mahomet Alley,* Nabob of Arcot and of the Carnatic, is descended from a Tartar family. His ancestors were among those bold adventurers, who disdained to dwell in the humble tents of their native country, and who found it by no means difficult to usurp the thrones of pusillanimous Gentoo Princes, by their natural inactivity, and by the invincible shackles of superstition, rendered an easy prey to each foreign invader. Their belief of the Pythagorean doctrine forbids their shedding the blood of the meanest reptile that exists, and though they will patiently endure the approach of death, from a full pursuasion, that they shall reani-

* Wálájáh Muhámmad Ali. See Bowring *Haidar Ali & Tipu Sultan* ("Rulers of India" series), pp. 21, 22.

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mate some other body, yet they will not exert themselves in the defence of their lives and property; a sufficient proof, that self-preservation is not universally the first law of Nature.

The Nabob has three sons, the eldest of whom, Omdit Ul Omrah, is of a mild disposition, totally lost in the pleasures of the seraglio, and is indeed little more than a state prisoner in his own palace. The second Ameer Ul Omrah, who is the favourite of his father, is invested with the supreme military command, and to him chiefly the English pay their court. He is enterprising, deceitful, and unprincipled, and would long ago have embrued his hands in the blood of his family, had not his father, rendered wise by experience, removed his Court from Arcot, and resided under the immediate protection of the Governor and Council of Madras. The Nabob well knew how little the sacred names of parent and of brother avail to restrain an aspiring tyrant, and he was aware, that the crime of the detested parricide is soon lost in the pomp and splendor which surround the successful Monarch. The youngest of the royal offspring is called Zapharah Mulk, and is educated among the women of the seraglio, where, from his earliest infancy, he is taught to imbibe the seeds of vice, and whence,

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at the age of manhood, he will emerge in a state of the most deplorable ignorance.

The revenues of the Nabob arise from the rents of the country, which is parcelled out in districts to his Viceroys, and by them let in smaller divisions to petty Governors, who, at their pleasure, distribute them to the farmers, allowing to each such a proportion as he can find the means to cultivate. The farmers, after they have gathered in their grain, pay to the collectors of the revenues a sum, equal to one third of the original produce of the land; and these taxes are exacted with such severity, and without the smallest regard to a bad crop, or to any of the unforeseen accidents which distress the husbandman, that it is a matter of astonishment to me how the poor Indian can pay his rent, and support his family. You may judge what a climax of oppression this form of Government must give room to. The renters, according to their different degrees of authority, oppress each other, and the Nabob seldom fails of extorting considerable sums from the principal, to whom an invitation to Court is the certain signal that he must refund his ill-gotten wealth, and deliver up to his rapacious master those treasures, which, by a cruel gradation of tyranny, have been squeezed from the industrious labourer.

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How far the Brahmins, who are now the Magi of the East, may be right in their Chronology, I will not pretend to say. They trace back the history of Indostan to the reign of an Emperor, who flourished two thousand years before the birth of Christ, and whose posterity sat fifteen centuries upon the throne, when the supineness of some luxurious Monarch induced the disaffected nobles to rebel, who, like the Generals of Alexander the Great, divided the Empire among themselves, and raised up separate kingdoms of their own. This afforded an opening to the wandering tribes of Tartary, and to those ambitious Captains of the Persian army, who, inured to the hardships of the field, and thirsting after plunder, poured like a fierce torrent over the provinces of India, and easily subdued a people weakened by intestine broils, and enervated by ease and luxury.

You will here ask, how the Gentoos, whom I have described as equally incapable of defending themselves as of invading the rights of others, came to forget their principles and their cast and to engage in the pursuits of war. I should have informed you, that the fighting cast, of which the Rajahpoots and the Marattas are the chief, are an exception to this rule. The former of these

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originally composed the bodyguards of their Princes, whence they derive their name; and the latter are a most formidable nation, inhabiting the coast of Malabar, and extending across the Peninsula of India, almost to the Coromandel Coast. They bring into the field numerous armies, mounted on fleet and beautiful horses; and they mark their footsteps by the most shocking scenes of plunder and devastation. Indostan has frequently suffered from their encroachments, and even the force of European discipline has hardly restrained the violence of these invaders, who rush upon their foe without order and regularity, like a herd of warlike animals, armed by the sole hand of Nature; and are as expeditious in their retreat as they are furious in their first attack.

LETTER XII.

Madras, July, 1775.

I yesterday saw a most extraordinary instance of the power which superstition has over the human mind. Returning from the Durbar, I perceived in a field adjoining to the road a croud of people

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assembled round a man, who was suspended by the heels from a kind of gallows, and was swinging backwards and forwards over a slow fire. I enquired what crime he had committed to merit so curious a punishment, and was informed that he was a holy man, who had devoted himself to the service of the Almighty, and had made a solemn vow that he would daily undergo this voluntary penance, till it should please the Supreme Being to receive him into the mansions of the happy. I find these acts of mortification are very frequent, and the credulous Indians are taught by their priests to believe, that the antic tricks of a wretch quivering under self-inflicted tortures, are an offering highly acceptable to God.

I have at last been honoured with my leave of audience, and shall, in a few days, bid adieu to Madras. I have already prepared everything for my journey, have arranged my domestic establishment, and I anticipate the joy I shall feel when mounted on an Arabian charger, at the head of my whiskered troopers, whose courage, I hope, will fully correspond with their ferocious looks. I have seen detachments from several of the regiments, and, I assure you, their appearence is truly martial. The infantry I can not say much in

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praise of. They are usually twelve months in arrears, and, of course, their officers can not enforce that regularity of discipline, which can only be kept up in the armies of a Prince, who condescends to be punctual in his payments.

The garrison of Fort St. George consists of several companies of English infantry, a respectable body of artillery, and a battalion of seapoys, who endure that fatigue in the field, under which European constitutions would sink, and who have, in various engagements, displayed a perseverance and resolution that would do honour to the most hardy veterans. Their pay, which, considering the cheapness of rice, on which an Indian almost entirely subsists, is more than equal to all their wants, is given them without any deduction, on the first of every month, nor do the officers lie under those stoppages so injurious to the British army, which enrich the agent or the paymaster, while the unfortunate subaltern is deprived of a mite of that scanty subsistence so inadequate to the necessary expences of a gentleman.

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LETTER XIII.

Chillingbrum, September, 1775.

I am at last comfortably settled in my new quarters, which I reached the eighteenth day after I left Fort St. George. My route extended along the sea-coast, but was not diversified by that variety of prospect so ornamental to the environs of Madras; nor did I find the country so populous, or so well cultivated as I expected. I spent two days at Pondicherry, the principal settlement belonging to the French in India, but containing little worthy the attention of a traveller. The fort appears to be strong, and the works are numerous. The garrison consists of a battalion of the King's troops, and about fifteen hundred seapoys. From Pondicherry I proceeded to Cuddalore, a fort of considerable extent, but in a most shattered condition, situate on the most beautiful spot in India, and distant about a mile from the ruins of Fort St. David's, which, at the close of the last war, was given up to the French, and the fortifications levelled with the ground. I was here most politely entertained by Captain Harcourt Woodhouse, formerly of the County of Hertfordshire, who, after having spent a considerable fortune, in every species of fashionable

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dissipation, entered into the service of the Company; and though in his seventieth year, still retains a great share of that activity and vigour, for which he was distinguished in his youthful days. From Cuddalore, I travelled by easy journeys to the plains of Chillingbrum, where our regiment is cantoned, on the skirts of a pleasant village, having a small river in the rear, and a beautiful prospect of woods, ricefields, and lofty pagodas in the front.

What is here called a regiment of cavalry, but which would more properly bear the name of legion, consists of six troops of dragoons, to which four companies of infantry and one of artillery are attached, with four light field-pieces, which have lately been drawn by horses, contrary to the custom of Mahometans, who, from time immemorial, have used oxen and buffaloes for draught, and whose obstinacy seldom permits them to get the better of an established prejudice. This corps is commanded by one European Captain, two Lieutenants, and six Cornets as Field-officers and Captains, and under them by Subedars and Jamedars, who do the duty of subalterns, and who are men of high military reputation, as they rise only by their merit, and are obliged to go through

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each subordinate station, before they attain the rank of officer. The infantry is under the separate command of *two* subalterns, and the artillery under a Lieutenant fire-worker. Each regiment is attended by its own Bezaar, or travelling market, which consists of a long street of shops, that pay a small tax to the commanding officer. The police of the Bezaar is regulated by a Cutwall, or magistrate of the market, who settles the price of money, and inflicts arbitrary punishments on such persons as are convicted of frauds, or offend against the established rules of the Bezaar. The money-changers, who are mentioned in holy writ to have been driven out of the Temple, are to be found in every part of India. Their customs have been handed down, unaltered, to the present hour, and their principles are not in the least changed for the better. They are extremely dexterous in imposing bad money on the ignorant, and if detected in the attempt, they most impudently deny the fact, and with great fluency of abuse retort their charge upon the accuser.

The introduction of modern discipline into the Indian armies has been the work of infinite labour and difficulty, and the Nabob of Arcot is the only Prince who has yet brought it to the least perfec-

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tion. The even ranks into which European soldiers form themselves, the uninterrupted gradation of obedience, from the Chief Commander down to the private man, and that regular order in which they march into battle, and which they preserve, even in the heat of action, appeared to the untutored Indians as the effects of magic; and they considered those men who could, undaunted, expose themselves to certain death, and who coolly filled up each interval, when the murdering cannon had swept away half their ranks, as beings of an order superior to the common race of mortals, whom it was equally impossible either to resist or imitate. Experience, however, has taught them the contrary, and they now acknowledge the force of discipline, and are sensible that the most destructive weapons are useless, in the hands of men who disdain the assistance of art, and, like the ferocious inhabitants of their native woods, repose a blind confidence in that courage, which only leads them to more certain ruin.

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LETTER XIV.

Chillingbrum, October, 1775.

I am just returned from an expedition against a party of Collories, or savage banditti, inhabiting the spacious woods which extend through the greatest part of the Carnatic, and who live by the plunder of such unfortunate travellers as fall into their hands, and often in large bodies attack those villages which they know to be unprotected by seapoys. Servants who have robbed their masters, deserters from the army, and thieves of every description, continually join these people, who reside in the midst of forests impenetrable to regular troops, where they have little communities of their own, and are governed by chiefs, whose daring actions and superior villainy have rendered them worthy the honour of supreme command. We were alarmed in the dead of night by repeated messages from the Zemindar of a village, about ten miles distant from our cantonments, entreating our immediate assistance against a numerous body of Collories, who had surprized the defenceless inhabitants, and set fire to their huts, after stripping them of every thing that was worth the trouble of taking away. This news, however unpleasant the circumstance must have been to the poor frightened villagers,

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was highly agreeable to us, as we had long wished for an opportunity of chastising these robbers, who had even deceived the vigilance of our centries, and more than once availed themselves of the darkness of the nights to steal the horses of the Indian officers, which were picketted at the skirts of the cantonments. Two hundred of our men were mounted with the utmost haste, and the management of this expedition given to me, not a little proud, I assure you, of being so soon entrusted with such a weighty command. I marched with as much dispatch as the darkness and the uneven road would permit, and arrived, just at the break of day, on the scene of action, where the enemy, little expecting our approach, were carelessly packing up their plunder, and were filing off in scattered parties, perfectly satisfied with the success of their enterprize. Our sudden arrival threw them into the greatest consternation, the major part immediately seeking their safety in flight, and some few, whom despair had rendered valiant, discharging their matchlocks, and rushing among us with their pikes and sabres. However, this unequal contest was soon decided, about seven-and-twenty of the most daring lying dead upon the spot, and near twice that number having prostrated themselves on the

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ground and begged for quarter, which I had no little difficulty in persuading the enraged seapoys to grant them, even the Indian officers having killed and wounded several who on their knees implored their lives. The loss we have sustained on this occasion is inconsiderable, only one seapoy being killed, and a jamedar and three horses severely wounded. The country people, who had now returned to the village, assisted us in securing our prisoners, who were confined under a sufficient guard within the walls of a pagoda, while we procured some refreshment for ourselves and horses. The Zemindar, whose inner apartments had been rummaged, and even his women stripped of their bracelets and other ornaments, overwhelmed me with civilities, and covered my shoulders with a beautiful shawl. I spent the remaining part of the day with him, and the following morning conducted my prisoners to Wariapollum, a little fort garrisoned by the Nabob's seapoys, and built on purpose to check the inroads of this banditti. Here I saw upwards of a hundred of the same gentry, who had been taken at different times, and had suffered the amputation of the right foot and left hand, as an example to their brethren, and to deprive them of the power of committing farther mischief. Twelve

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of my prisoners immediately underwent the same operation, and were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, loaded with chains of an enormous weight, and allowed just a sufficiency of rice and water to preserve their lives, and to prolong their misery.

I spent two days at Wariapollum, the Commandant of which is a German, highly in favour with the Nabob, and has been a soldier of fortune from his cradle. Taking an evening walk with him through the village which surrounds the fort, I saw a most shocking instance of the fatal effects which are to be produced by the bite of a snake. A man, in cultivating his little garden, trod upon one of the most venomous species, called by the Indians the Covery Capelle, and known to travellers by the name of the hooded serpent. The creature bit him in the leg, a little above the ankle, and in less than half an hour, the unfortunate wretch expired in the greatest agonies. The natives, who are grossly deficient in medical skill, know of no remedy against the poison of a snake. The venom of a Scorpion, or Centipede is removed by the application of the snake-stone, which, after it has absorbed the poison, drops off immediately, and if put into water or milk, hisses for several minutes,

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and turns the latter as green as grass. Whether it is a composition or a natural stone I could never learn. It is sold for a few pence by every itinerant mountebank, and is certainly a most valuable acquisition. The snakes are numerous throughout India, and some of them of an enormous size. It is almost incredible to what a degree of obedience the showmen bring them, who teach them to dance, and to play a thousand antic tricks, and handle them with the utmost familiarity. The Covery Capelle, at the word of command, rears itself up, spreads out the hood with which its head is covered, and seems perfectly to understand every nod and motion of its master.

I left Wariapollum sufficiently impressed with sentiments of abhorrence and dread for the whole race of snakes, and marched my detachment back to Chillingbrum, where I received the congratulations of my commanding officer. I assure you, Alexander the Great, when he passed the Granicus, could not have been prouder of his victory, and I shall date the æra of all my military glory from this event.

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LETTER XV

Chillingbrym, November, 1775.

I have had the pleasure (if pleasure can be derived from such an awful scene) of being eye-witness to the ceremony of a Gentoo Lady burning herself on the funeral pile of her husband. As these voluntary martyrdoms but seldom happen, the croud collected on the occasion was so very great as to cover the major part of an extensive plain, in the centre of which the lady was to go through this fiery trial into the joys of paradise. I had some difficulty to make my way through the multitude; but as an Indian mob is not quite so uncivil as that which sometimes assembles in the streets of London, I at last accomplished my purpose, and as I sat on my horse, within a few yards of the pile, I had a full and uninterrupted view of every circumstance that passed. On the top of this pile, which was of a considerable magnitude, and built in form of a pyramid, the corpse was extended under an alcove of withered branches, and adorned with garlands of flowers; at the head and feet were several pots of burning incense, and over the breast was spread an elegant shawl, covered with hieroglyphic figures. I had waited about half an hour, when the sound of the trumpets announced that

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the procession was began, and the people retiring on each side, made way for the unhappy victim, who was to be offered up a self-devoted sacrifice to a barbarous superstition. She appeared to be in the bloom of youth and beauty, and her form was elegance itself. She walked slowly, with a majestic pace, and her countenance betrayed not the least symptom of uneasiness; but I observed a wildness in her eyes, which I afterwards learnt was the effect of opium and other intoxicating medicines, which, from the moment of the husband's death, had been forced upon her by the priests, to dispel her natural fears, and inspire her with a degree of artificial courage sufficient to support her throughout this awful ceremony. When she approached the pile I could plainly perceive her colour change, and had not the priests supported her, she would have sunk upon the ground. They however seemed insensible to her distress, and hastily stripping her of the jewels, with which she was covered in great profusion, they assisted her to mount the pile, and placing her close to the body of her husband, they prayed over her till the torches had been applied to the wood below, and the clouds of smoke began to surround them. They then quitted her with so much precipitation, that they tumbled

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into the arms of their brethren below, and in a few minutes, the pile, which was hollow in the middle, sinking in, the living and the dead together disappeared from our view. Whether she suffered instant suffocation, or was for any length of time sensible of pain, I could not judge; for the sky resounded with the noise of ten thousand instruments, and with the horrid screams of the priests, who are careful to prevent the cries of the expiring victim from reaching the ears of the deluded multitude.

Thus ended this melancholy scene; and I returned home, fully convinced that no religion can be acceptable in the eyes of the Supreme Being, which authorises the infliction of such infernal cruelties even on the meanest of His creatures. It is a received opinion, that this barbarous institution originally took its rise from the frequent instances of women poisoning their husbands, and that the wisdom of the Legislature adopted this fatal ceremony as an infallible security against such crimes in future. But I believe it may with greater propriety be attributed to the avarice of the priests who persuade the credulous Indian that the term of purgation is by this means considerably shortened, and whose profits from the spoils of the unhappy

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victim are in proportion to the rank and opulence of the family to which her husband belonged.

The Brahmins, or priests of the Gentoo religion, derive their name from their great founder Brahma and their laws are written in the sanscrit, or sacred language, known only to the most learned of their cast. They intermarry with no other cast, and are considered by the inferior ranks of people as partaking of a divine origin. They entertain the strictest notions of female reputation, and the slightest stain upon the honour of a woman is wiped away by her immediate death. But they are not all of the order of priesthood; the vaikeels, or writers who settle the accounts of our regiments, are of the Brahmin tribe, and they are even employed as secretaries of state at many of the Eastern Courts. Thus much I have already learnt of them, that their virtues are at best but negative, while their vices are disgraceful to human nature, and in the highest degree injurious to community. They are temperate, patient of insults, regular in their lives, and strictly observant of their religious ceremonies, but they are deceitful, crafty, and fond of gain. They conceal the most unbounded avarice under the pompous solemnity of inspired wisdom, and, like the venerable impostors of the Popish Church,

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they permit their disciples to rob each other with impunity, while the credulous wretches bring them a share of the plunder to purchase forgiveness for the past offence and indulgence to sin again. The Pagodas, so numerous throughout India, are, like the rich livings to the priests in England, so many sinecures to the Brahmins; and every choultry, or open caravansara built by the charitable Gentoos on the sides of roads for the accomodation of passengers, is a little estate to some lazy Brahmin, who levies contributions on the superstitious and the ignorant.

LETTER XVI.

Chillingbrum, December, 1775.

An accident has happened which has entirely destroyed the unanimity of our corps, and furnished matter of conversation for every English tea-table in the Carnatic. Capt. Fitzwilliams, who has lately been promoted to the command of our regiment, brought with him from England a most beautiful lady, whom he had delivered from one of those enchanted castles where unhappy damsels are im-

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prisoned in King's-place, on condition of her rewarding his gallantry with the exclusive possession of her charms. The lovely Maria for sometime continued a pattern of constancy, and doubtless would have remained so still, had she not omitted the necessary precaution of bribing to silence a domestic, who in the dead of night, when the pale moon alone shone conscious of the theft, surprised Lieutenant Villars in the very act of entering her bed-chamber through a private door that opened into the garden. This unlucky spy had long suspected that Maria was unfaithful, and his sole reason for being so watchful over his master's honour was the hopes of a large reward, which he most sagaciously judged would be the immediate price of his secrecy. Finding himself disappointed in his views (as the incautious lovers flattered themselves, that fear of the consequences would prevent a menial servant from making such a discovery to his master) he fled the very next day to Cuddalore, where Fitzwilliams was on a visit, and imparted to him the dreadful news. The Captain rewarded the man for his intelligence, and arriving at the borders of the cantonment at the break of day, the first object which presented itself to his view was the inconstant fair one and her gallant taking the

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air in a cabriolet, and the arm of the lady most lovingly encircling the waist of Villars. You may imagine to yourself the Captain's rage, and the confusion of the guilty pair. Maria was confined to her chamber, and the gentlemen exchanged a brace of pistols, which fortunately did no other mischief than grazing the shoulder of the Lieutenant. This however did not satisfy the enraged Fitzwilliams; he loaded Villars with reproaches of perfidy and ingratitude, and drawing his sword, rushed with such rage and fury, and so little judgment, on his antagonist, that he received the point of his weapon in his body, and dropped upon the ground. He was immediately carried to his quarters and the surgeon pronouncing the wound to be mortal, I ordered Villars under an arrest, and took on myself the command of the regiment.

The Ameer Ul Omrah being at Cumbaconum, a few miles only from the Colleroon, in the Kingdom of Tanjour, I dispatched an express to him with the fatal news, and began to consider of paying the last honours to my unfortunate Commander. My intelligence however proved to be premature, and the Surgeon to be mistaken in his assertion; for his patient had only fainted through loss of blood, and the sword having missed the vital parts,

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a fever was the only danger to be apprehended. My express returned the following day from Cumbaconum, assuring me of the approbation of the Ameer in the most flattering terms; and Capt. Fitzwilliams applied for leave to return to Cuddalore, till his health shall be reestablished. Maria is to revisit Europe, where she will soon fall into the hands of some other enchantress. Her gay seducer is to quit the regiment, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my duty in person to the Ameer, and of seeing the once populous Kingdom of Tanjour.

LETTER XVII.

Chillingbrum, January, 1776.

I have paid my intended visit to the Ameer, and have been honoured with a most gracious reception. He enquired minutely into every particular of the duel, at which he expressed great displeasure, and observed that it was the duty of a soldier to devote his life to the service of his prince, and not wantonly to hazard it in an inglorious combat.

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The city of Cumbaconum is of considerable extent, and is situate in a delightful country. It is rendered peculiarly pleasant, even in the hottest season of the year, by the number of tanks, or artificial pieces of water, which have been sunk at a vast expence in the squares and principal avenues, and are shaded by rows of trees producing a flower somewhat resembling the tulip, and of an agreeable smell. The palace contains numerous suits of apartments, halls of audience, and domestic offices, and in the centre is a private garden for the ladies of his seraglio. The Rajas of Tanjour formerly used this city as a place of retirement from the bustle of public business, and here gave themselves up to the uninterrupted enjoyment of ease and luxury. The Ameer had with him a splendid retinue of palanquins, and led horses, and was attended by four troops of dragoons, and a compleat battalion of seapoys. Every choultry in the neighbourhood was filled with men and baggage, and every street in the town with tents. The ostensible cause of this visit to Cumbaconum was a desire to see the country which the army of his father had subdued, and to conciliate the affections of the people by honouring the different towns with the presence of their royal conqueror. But he was

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strongly suspected of other motives, and the Nabob grew alarmed lest he should take possession of the fort of Tanjour and draw over to his interest the troops, who, in consequence of their long arrears of pay not being discharged, had already shewn a spirit of mutiny, and would have easily been persuaded to join the standard of the rebellious son against his father and his King. However, on this occasion he acted with a becoming spirit, and recalling the Ameer to Madras at once relieved himself from his anxiety, and disappointed the ambitious views of this aspiring Prince. The country round Cumbaconum is in higher cultivation, and far more populous than any other part of the Nabob's dominions which I have yet seen. But I am told that the inhabitants daily emigrate to milder governments, and that above three hundred villages have been entirely deserted since the capture of Tanjour. Such is the wretched policy of the East, where the victorious monarch marks his footsteps with rapine and desolation, and disdains to learn, that the riches of his Kingdom consist not in the splendor of his armies, but in the number and happiness of his industrious and peaceful subjects. If we examine those faithful records of antiquity the writings of the Old Testament, it

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will appear that there is the most perfect analogy between the present and ancient customs of the East. Many of the religious ceremonies, the plurality of wives, and the strict attention to cleanliness of person, so accurately described in the Bible, seem to have been handed down without the least variation to the present hour. Whenever I see an Indian damsel bathing her beauteous limbs in a tank, the adventures of the pious David recur to my memory; but I hope I shall profit by his example, and not venture such dangerous lengths after forbidden fruit, as that holy man is supposed to have gone after the lovely Hittite.

LETTER XVIII.

Chillingbrum, February, 1776.

A change of government has happened, which has totally overthrown the late system of politics in the Carnatic, and which I fear will render my future prospects in the service of the Nabob very precarious and uncertain. The arrival of Lord Pigot to succeed Mr. Wynche in the government of Madras, and the return of General Smith to Europe

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in consequence of the appointment of a new Commander in Chief, are events equally unexpected and unpleasing. The merits of these gentlemen may possibly be very great and I doubt not but they will fill their respective stations with honour to themselves and satisfaction to those *wise Directors* who have sent them out; but the universal benevolence and affability of Mr. Wynche will long be impressed on the grateful hearts of the inhabitants of Madras; and the memory of General Smith will ever be revered in India, while either heroic bravery in the field, or the most unbounded generosity in private life, shall be deemed a virtue. To do justice to the character of this gentleman exceeds my abilities. With the most consummate knowledge of the art of war, he possesses all that coolness and intrepidity in the day of battle, which alone can constitute the accomplished General; and when surrounded with all the honours of victory, he has ever used his power with a moderation which alleviated the distresses of the vanquished.

Lord Pigot is invested with full authority from the Directors to restore the kingdom of Tanjour to the deposed Rajah, and has ordered the Nabob to withdraw his troops from the different forts and encampments in that country. His Lordship

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intends visiting Tanjour in person, that he may be present at the restoration, and the European troop of cavalry is to escort him. The Nabob has in vain remonstrated; and equally useless have been the representations of the principal gentlemen of Madras, who had advanced immense sums to the Nabob on the security of his Tanjour dominions, and received mortgages on the produce of the ensuing crops. The Governor is inexorable, and the Princes of the East must submit to that *Honourable United Company of Merchants*, who have decreed that the rights of mankind shall be subverted, and that the hereditary Monarchs of India shall quit or reassume their thrones at their caprice and pleasure. We have read of the unexampled acts of cruelty by which the followers of Pizarro desolated the fertile provinces of South America. We have wept the untimely fate of a once happy Inca dragged from the splendid throne of his ancestors to an ignominious death; and even children have been taught to lisp the melancholy tale of the unfortunate Montezuma. But the nations of the western world have not been the only victims to European avarice. Even the sons of England, who are free as the air they breathe, whose birthright is glorious independence, *and*

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whose Monarchs dare not but hold sacred their chartered rights, blushed not to see the walls of Tanjour stained with the blood of its inhabitants; nor does a British Governor, when he restores to a conquered Rajah those dominions, the reduction of which enriched his predecessors, drop a single tear as he passes through deserted villages and once fruitful fields.

LETTER XIX.

Madras, May, 1776.

A very unexpected summons has obliged me to pay a hasty visit to Madras, in consequence of the orders sent to every officer bearing the Company's commission to quit the service of the Nabob of Arcot, and join his respective regiment without delay. On this occasion I have not hesitated to prefer the present emoluments which I derive from the Nabob, however precarious they may be, to the scanty allowance on which the Company so generously permits its subalterns to exist. I wish this was the severest misfortune that I have now reason to lament. I have sustain-

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ed a loss which requires all my philosophy to support; and the death of Mr. Hancock has deprived me of a sincere friend and generous benefactor. *I believe no man ever lived more generally beloved, or died more universally regretted.* He was the patron of the widow and the fatherless, and I pay but a just tribute to his memory, when I say, that in unaffected charity and real integrity of heart he was not inferior to Mr. Hastings.

Lord Pigot has visited Tanjour, and put the Rajah in full possession of his dominions. The Nabob's troops have left the country, and those of the Company have supplied their places, to protect the Rajah from future insults, and to convince him what infinite advantages that Prince must derive, who is so fortunate as to obtain the protection of the English.

Numberless and unavailing are the complaints against broken treaties and violated rights. The gentlemen of Madras, whose fortunes are involved in the general wreck, inveigh in the severest terms against their honourable masters. The troops, destitute of the common necessaries of life, demand their pay from the Nabob, who declares that the violent deprivation of those dominions, which were his by the right of conquest and by the law

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of nations, renders him incapable either to satisfy his creditors, or to relieve the distresses of his faithful army.

The principal agent of the Nabob at Tanjour, whose long and approved services had gained him the unbounded confidence of his master, was in the fort when Lord Pigot arrived. This man, who is of the highest cast of the Gentoos, descended from an ancient and honourable family, and possessed of a princely fortune, received his Lordship's positive orders to quit the garrison at a moment's warning, and even the indulgence of a few hours to arrange his domestic affairs and bid adieu to his friends was peremptorily denied him. The Gentoo, with a spirit seldom to be found among that pusillanimous race, remonstrated against the cruelty of such treatment, and enquired by what authority the Governor of Madras presumed to justify such tyrannical proceedings. His reply was reported to Lord Pigot, and a scene was exhibited to the view of the astonished Indians, unexampled in the annals of English tyranny. A party of soldiers forcibly dragged him from the inmost recesses of the palace, and the Minister of the Nabob of Arcot, the representative of a Sovereign whom the British Empire has not disdained to

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acknowledge an ally, underwent the disgrace of a cruel punishment from the hands of a common drummer. He is of course rejected by his own cast as infamous, and nothing less than a pilgrimage to every pagoda in the Carnatic, and the distribution of his whole fortune in offerings to the priests, can purchase the restoration of his forfeited honour.

LETTER XX.

Madras, July, 1776.

Everything is now in the greatest confusion at the Durbar. The creditors of the Nabob daily insult him in his palace, and some thousands of his army have lately paid him a visit equally unwelcome and unexpected. He in vain endeavoured to pacify them with promises, and begged them to return to their duty. The men, rendered desperate by distress, obstinately persisted in their demands, and even threatened him with the most fatal consequences, if he persisted in refusing justice to those troops, who had shed their blood in his service. This was not a time for the Nabob to trifle. He

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paid off their arrears, and immediately disbanded them, as a punishment for that mutiny, to which the want of the common necessaries of life had driven them. The greatest part of them have entered into the service of Hyder Ally, and thus is the Carnatic left defenceless, and the army of his declared enemy is recruited with those men who have formerly fought the Nabob's battles with success, and the loss of whom, should that enterprizing Prince again invade his dominions, he will have too much reason to regret.

For my own part, I shall soon resign my commission and revisit Europe. I have received a letter from my father, who in the most affectionate terms solicits my return, and with great pleasantry congratulates me on the marriage of Miss Rivers, and on my fortunate escape from those chains, which if once put on, the grave alone can remove.

The principal obstacle to my leaving Madras is the want of money. Our regiment has received no pay for this year past; and a sum is now due to me more than adequate to every expence which can attend the voyage. My whole time is taken up in fruitless visits to the Durbar, where a dissatisfied group of creditors daily meet. No sooner has the sun risen, than every avenue to the palace is

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filled with palanquins and carriages, and in the evening the same faces and the same surly looks are to be seen again. The Nabob receives every body with politeness: apologises for his want of punctuality, which he attributes to the loss of Tanjour, and repeats the hacknied tale of the cruel treatment which he has received at the hands of Lord Pigot.

The Governor is now at variance with most of the gentlemen of the Council. He has forbidden their future visits to the Nabob without his express permission, and two of them, who have dared to disobey these orders, he has suspended from their rank and employments.

How long a government so divided against itself can stand, time only must determine. Whatever may be the event, I shall soon take leave of a place, where the pleasures of society are totally lost in the turbulence of faction, and where those families, who were so lately united by the bands of friendship, now hourly meditate each others ruin.

On my first arrival in India, I confess that I entertained very different ideas of a country, where Nature had thrown so few obstacles in the way of happiness. I was charmed with the novelty of the

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scenes which presented themselves to my view, and a superficial enquiry gave me no reason to change my sentiments. But I am now become familiarized to acts of cruelty and oppression; and I detest a country, over which the glorious sun of liberty has never diffused his genial influence, and where the insatiate thirst of gain has spread like a contagion through all ranks of men, from the proud Monarch of the imperial race of Tamerlane, to the petty tyrant who presides over an humble village.

LETTER XXI.

Madras, September, 1776.

A revolution of a most extraordinary nature has taken place, and Lord Pigot is now a prisoner. How far the gentlemen, who have usurped the government of Madras, can hereafter justify their proceedings, I will not pretend to determine; but they have certainly displayed equal judgment in the attempt, and courage in the execution of their scheme. I have before mentioned the disagreements which had happened in the Council, and the little inclination which the disaffected members

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had shewn to submit to those regulations which they considered as arbitrary and unjust.

The sudden removal of two gentlemen from the share which they held in the Government, and the consequent ruin in which they saw their fortunes involved, had now blown the latent sparks of rebellion into a flame, and had united them in one general conspiracy, to revenge their wrongs, and to recover that authority, which they conceived so injuriously wrested from them. A plan was concerted to seize the persons of the Governor and of his adherents, and it was conducted with so much secrecy, that till the hour of its actually taking place, Lord Pigot entertained not the least suspicion of what was intended. His Lordship usually slept at the garden-house, and had come at an early hour into the fort for the transaction of public business. Every thing went on in the accustomed channel, and the Governor seemed to congratulate himself on a security, which the apparent supineness and inactivity of his opponents did not a little justify. Colonel Stuart, Commander in Chief of the Company's Forces, and the supposed leader of the disaffected party, appeared to have given up his own political principles, and to be so perfectly reconciled to the new system of Government, that

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his Lordship embraced him as a convert to his opinions, and considered himself happy in the acquisition of so valuable a friend. The business of the day being concluded, the Colonel was invited to return in the Governor's carriage to the garden-house, and it was determined that the most unreserved intimacy should in future subsist between them. Little did Lord Pigot think that he was at that moment, the dupe of the most artful dissimulation, and that a modern Iscariot was so soon to betray his master with a kiss. They had scarce advanced a quarter of a mile from the fort, when a party of seapoys rushing from behind the trees, arrested the carriage, and a post-chaise and four at the same instant drawing up, the Colonel violently thrust his Lordship into it, and the body-guards of the Nabob surrounding him, he had the mortification of seeing himself in one short moment reduced from almost regal splendor to the loss of power, of liberty, and perhaps of life. He is now a prisoner in the house of one of the confederacy, at St. Thomas's Mount, distant about three leagues from Fort St. George, where he is guarded by a whole regiment of artillery, while the victorious party has assumed the reigns of government, and the pliant herd of sycophants, who so lately cringed

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at his Lordship's feet, now with equal assiduity pay their adoration to the rising sun.

You may imagine the exultation of the Nabob, and the universal triumph of the successful confederates. He makes no secret of the share which he has had in this memorable event, and even publicly boasts of the influence which he now possesses in the Council.

Innumerable dispatches are prepared for the Court of Directors, and every idle man who wants an excuse to revisit Europe, now solicits to be the messenger of this important news. A frigate is under orders to sail for the red sea, whence an *ambassador extraordinary* is to proceed over the isthmus of Suez, and in less than three months I suppose every newspaper in England will be filled with various accounts of this transaction, all equally contradictory to each other, and equally devoid of truth.

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LETTER XXII.

Madras, January, 1777.

I have been long taught to consider human nature as a medley of imperfection and inconsistency and to believe that the most sensible men, when under the influence of passion, are often liable to the grossest errors. How far I am justified in my opinion, the following anecdote will in some measure shew.

One of those adventurers who annually emigrate from England, under an assumed appearance, and by forged letters of recommendation, had procured a commission in the service of the Nabob, and by his servility and little cringing arts had lately been promoted to the rank of aid-du-camp to the Ameer Ul Omrah. He had derived considerable advantage from the accidental circumstance of meeting Colonel Macleane at the Cape of Good Hope, who had been so far imposed on by his plausibility as to give him a line of introduction to Madras, and had mentioned him as an unfortunate gentleman, who had borne a commission in the British army, and had run through the ample inheritance of his ancestors by his extravagance. For several months this man conducted himself with the greatest caution, and though his manners

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evidently betrayed the want of a genteel education, and of that natural politeness which alone can constitute the gentleman, yet as he was inoffensive in his behaviour, he passed unnoticed among the common herd, and his character escaped that particular scrutiny, which would necessarily have been the consequence of a more elevated station. However, our adventurer aspired to higher honours, and nothing less than the command of a regiment of horse would satisfy his ambition, and he meditated the severest revenge against the Nabob for daring to refuse him what he so modestly requested. The imprisonment of Lord Pigot, and the decided part which the Nabob had taken in that transaction, seemed to afford him an opportunity of gratifying his own resentment, and of ingratiating himself with a party, from whose wealth and generosity he derived the most sanguine hopes of reward.

He solicited a private interview with the friends of the deposed Governor, and declared to them, that the Ameer Ul Omrah had repeatedly offered him considerable sums of money, if he would assassinate Lord Pigot, and that he had particularly pointed out a tame tyger as the most effectual instrument of destruction, as his Lordship might be induced to alleviate the horrors of his confinement

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by familiarly playing with this animal, which might easily be exchanged in the night for one of a most ferocious disposition, and would, by devouring his unsuspecting prey, at once relieve the Nabob from his apprehensions, and deprive the unfortunate Governor of his life.

Strange and inconsistent as this story must appear, yet it was greedily listened to, and the impostor was caressed by gentlemen, who in their cooler moments would have treated the improbable tale, and its inventor, with equal contempt.

Numerous affidavits of the whole transaction were handed about, and the deep views of this designing wretch were not discovered, till his prevarications when closely examined by dispassionate persons, and his own confession, when the fumes of wine had got the better of his prudence, at last exposed the perjured traitor to public infamy, and covered his supporters with confusion. However, he has reaped this benefit from his treachery, that the Nabob, with his dismission, has given him all his arrears of pay and those gentlemen, whose credulity he had so grossly imposed on, have furnished him with a sum to defray the expences of the voyage, on condition of his immediate return to Europe.

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The many extraordinary circumstances attending this affair have naturally produced a very strict enquiry into the origin and connexions of a man, who could have ingenuity to contrive and impudence to support so complicated a scene of villainy.

It appears, that he was formerly a private soldier in the British service, and that being dismissed the regiment with disgrace, he had for some time acted in the honourable capacity of a bailiff's follower, when coming into the possession of a few hundred pounds by the death of his father, who kept an ale-house in St. Paul's Church Yard, he formed the laudable resolution of becoming suddenly a gentleman, purchased an officer's uniform and a cockade, and launching into the wide field of adventure, acted the farce which I have just described, at the Court of the Nabob of Arcot.

Lord Pigot is still a prisoner, and each party waits with equal impatience the result of those orders, by which the present Government is to stand or fall.

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LETTER XXIII.

Madras, May, 1777.

Lord Pigot has paid the debt of nature, and the gentlemen who sat on the jury to examine into the cause of his death, have brought in their verdict wilful murder against every person that was accessary to his confinement. The uneasiness of mind which his Lordship laboured under, and the want of exercise during his imprisonment, are the pretences by which they endeavour to justify so extraordinary a verdict. Indeed, a report has been industriously circulated, that his death was occasioned by poison, and obscure hints have been artfully thrown out, that the necessary steps will immediately be taken to bring the supposed assassins to justice. But the authors of such an improbable story are mortified to find themselves treated with that silent contempt which they deserve, and the testimony of the physicians, whose integrity and known abilities are above the reach of censure, has sufficiently proved to the impartial world, that the rumour originated in impotent malevolence. Lord Pigot, some weeks previous to his death, had been removed from the Mount to the garden-house near Madras, where he received every assistance that the affectionate attention of his nearest relations,

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and the art of physic could afford. But the hour of his dissolution was at hand, and his constitution enfeebled by the climate, and, perhaps still more so by the anxiety which continually preyed upon his spirits, gradually sunk under the violence of a fever, which seldom spares even youthful vigour in these burning regions. A melancholy instance of the instability of human grandeur, and a lesson to future Governors to use their power with lenity and moderation.

Had his Lordship taken those steps, which his own sense and experience ought to have dictated to him, and rendered himself popular with the military, he had never fallen a sacrifice to a party, which he had exasperated by such severe exertions of his authority, and from whose resentment he had everything to apprehend. But the officers of the army considered him as their enemy, and they were smarting under the loss of their batta, which in an unfortunate moment of æconomy he had taken from them. The allowance which is given to the army in the field, and is intended to defray the extraordinary expences incident to a campaign, is called batta, and is about equal to the monthly pay. In times of profound peace, half batta is allowed to the garrisons at a certain distance

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rom Madras. The whole is calculated at ten thousand pounds annually, which the Nabob of Arcot, by his original contract with the Company, is bound to pay; a sum trifling for an Eastern Sovereign to bestow, but the loss of which reduced to the utmost distress, those unfortunate subalterns who had no private resources, and whose circumstances required the most rigid æconomy to support that appearance which their situation in life demanded. The succeeding Governor has prudently restored it, and the Nabob, with that spirit of duplicity which is the true characteristic of an Indian, has declared that he never assented to so cruel and so unpopular a measure.

I have for some weeks past resided at a country retirement in an agreeable village within a short mile of the Durbar. I have a small but convenient cottage, and a garden well stocked with fruit, and I divide the expence of house-keeping with Captain Evance of the Honourable Company's service, a gentleman whose engaging manners, and sociable disposition, have gained him such universal esteem, that no party of pleasure is ever thought complete without him. Most happily formed by Nature either to enjoy life himself, or to promote the felicity of others, he wisely prefers ease and tranquility

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to those splendid miseries which attend on ambition and the pursuit of gain. He sings incomparably, is an inimitable actor, and, amidst the rage of contending factions, he drinks his convivial glass, and laughs at care.

I hope my affairs will soon be arranged so as to enable me to set out for Europe. I shall not be incumbered with a troublesome load of wealth; and I at least can boast that my sleep will not be disturbed by the ghosts of murdered Rajahs.

LETTER XXIV.

Madras, September, 1777.

The day, the important day is arrived, and the usurped administration is no more. Mr. Whitehill is now Governor of Madras; Colonel Stuart is superceded; and the discordant members of the council are recalled to Europe. The Nabob is not a little mortified to find his faithful friends so soon removed, but he consoles himself with the hopes that sterling gold will not be less efficacious in Leadenhall-street than at Madras. I have at last received my arrears of pay, and am preparing for

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my journey home. My present intention is to travel by land to Bombay, thence to proceed in a country vessel for the port of Suez, and if I can reach the celebrated city of Grand Cairo in safety, I shall have little difficulty in finding my way to England. I already anticipate the exquisite pleasure of landing on my native shore, and embracing my long lost friends. Perhaps, too, I may find some yielding fair one, less inconstant than Miss Rivers, who may receive a wearied traveller into her arms, and by her soft caresses banish the sad remembrance of all past misfortunes.

I am now about to take my leave of a country, which has been described by some travellers as a terrestrial paradise; and by others as a burning desert, destitute of every convenience which can make life agreeable. I must confess, that my present opinion of India very little corresponds with those first impressions, which represented everything to my enchanted view in such delightful colours. The face of the country is indeed uncommonly beautiful; vegetation is so rapid, that after a refreshing shower the fruits of the earth spontaneously shoot forth, as if by magic; and the climate, though hot to an extreme, is far from being so inimical, as is generally imagined, to European

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constitutions. But the infernal spirit of dissension perpetually stalks abroad, and the joys of social intercourse, the ties of consanguinity, and the endearments of private friendship, are swallowed up in the undistinguishing rage of all-destructive faction.

The manners of the natives are almost universally the same. The striking characteristic of a Gentoo is avarice, and that of a Mahometan is ambition. The former to gratify his darling passion will not blush to commit the meanest frauds, and the latter will not hesitate to attain imperial dignities by the murder of his patron and his King. The religion of a Gentoo must ever nip his growing ambition in the bud. The son is obliged to follow the profession of his father, nor can all the riches of the East procure his advancement to a superior cast. But the meanest Mahometan in the army may rise to the distinguished rank of General, and Hyder Ally, than whom a more powerful Monarch does not reign in Asia, was once in the humble station of a private seapoy.

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LETTER XXV.

Bombay, February, 1778.

After a journey in which, for three tedious months, I have experienced more fatigue than pleasure, I have reached the island of Bombay, and have taken my passage on board an Indiaman for Europe. I am already so heartily tired of my expedition by land, that I have even pursuaded myself to think a cabin almost a convenient habitation, and I have determined to banish the recollection of my former shipwreck and captivity.

In the beginning of October, I took my leave of Madras, and proceeded alone to Pondicherry, where the Captain of a French vessel, then under orders to sail, was so very pressing in his invitation to me to embark with him, and was so lavish of his encomiums on his ship, that I was induced to accompany him on board, and to be an eye-witness of his accommodations. I was not a little entertained with the appearance of a vessel, which had been described to me as so uncommonly superb. The apartment which he kindly designed for me, was a narrow cupboard in the steerage, inaccessible either to light or air; the great cabin, from the dirt with which it was covered, seemed occasionally to have been inhabited either by the Captain or his

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pigs ; and the crew appeared to be half dead with disease and famine. I did not hesitate to bid adieu to this scene of nastiness, and most chearfully set out with Capt. George Jennings, whose intentions were familiar to my own, and with whom I had for many years past the pleasure of being acquainted.

Our first stage was to Trichinopoly, a fort of considerable extent and strength, garrisoned by the troops of the Company, where we were politely entertained by Mr. Thomas Underwood, of poetical memory, and formerly of Peter-house College, Cambridge.

Here is the greatest natural curiosity, that India affords ; a solid perpendicular rock, of a most stupendous height, rising in the center of the fort, and hiding its head among the clouds. On the top is a pagoda, whence those persons who are not afraid to purchase a delightful prospect, at the hazard of their necks, enjoy a distinct view of Tanjour, though at the distance of above twenty miles. The rock is inhabited by innumerable monkies, who are treated by the Brahmins with the utmost tenderness, and are continually fed by them with rice and fruits. The brute creation is certainly under infinite obligations to Pythagoras, who has thus kindly provided for their support, and whose doc-

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trines, though in the highest degree absurd and childish, yet are so far meritorious as they inspire universal benevolence.

From Trichinopoly we travelled through the plains of Mellore, and arrived at the Fort of Madura, famous for having held out two obstinate sieges, against the combined forces of the Nabob and Company, in the second of which it was taken by the treachery of a French officer, and the Governor, a Mahometan of royal extraction, whose gallant defence against a superior army, deserved a milder fate, was sacrificed to the resentment of the Nabob. From a more generous enemy, he would have experienced that mercy, which his grey hairs, his high descent, and above all his heroic bravery so justly claimed. But such is the savage policy of the East, that death and captivity go hand in hand, and the most solemn promises of life and forgiveness to the conquered, are no longer deemed sacred by the conqueror, than while the life of the unfortunate prisoner may be conducive to the interests of the victorious tyrant.

At Madura we spent three days with the Commander of the garrison, and then proceeded to Palamcotta, the most southerly fort of any consequence in the Nabob's dominions. Here we were

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detained a fortnight, till the Rajah of Trevencore had given us permission to travel through his territories to Anjango, when we took our leave of the Carnatic, and entered the coast of Malabar, through a pass fortified both by art and nature in the strongest manner. The kingdom of Trevencore is situate in twenty-six degrees of East longitude and eight of latitude, distant about six hundred miles from Fort St. George, and bordering on Cape Comorin, which divides the Coromandel coast from that of Malabar. Here instead of deserted villages and uncultivated tracts of land, we were charmed with the prospect of a rich and populous country, whose inhabitants enjoy those blessings which are the happy consequences of a mild and easy government. Very different were those views which daily occurred to us for the preceding month in our dreary journey through the Carnatic. There indeed for a very few miles round the principal forts, the villages were populous, and agriculture seemed to flourish. But all the intervening space was one vast melancholy desert; the fields being forsaken by the farmers, and the villages by the industrious weavers, who are by far the most valuable subjects of the empire, and to whom Princes more politic have afforded that protection,

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which under the oppressive government of the Nabob they have long despaired of finding.

As strangers are never suffered to visit the interior parts of Trevencore, our guides conducted us through a country interspersed with woods and lawns, by the nearest roads to the sea-shore, which is covered with innumerable huts of fishermen, whom the Portuguese missionaries have converted to Christianity. Infinite pains are taken by these priests to propagate the gospel in India, and they boast of their great success in persuading the unenlightened Pagans to embrace the divine truths of the Christian revelation. But, in my opinion, their proselytes do them but little honour, as they consist entirely of the lowest and most despicable cast of people, there being hardly a single instance of their prevailing on a Mahometan, or a Gentoo, to renounce the religion of his forefathers.

The fourth day after we entered the pass of Trevencore, we arrived at Anjango, a small settlement dependent on the presidency of Bombay, where we discharged our palanquin-bearers and all unnecessary attendants, and proceeded in an open boat to Cochin, a Dutch town, most pleasantly situate on the banks of a navigable river, and thence we embarked in a country vessel for the harbour of Callicutt.

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Callicutt, which is now an inconsiderable village, was formerly a magnificent city, and the residence of a powerful Prince. According to the tradition of the natives, it was overwhelmed near two hundred years ago, by a sudden rising of the sea, and all its inhabitants perished. We anchored on the spot where the ancient city stood, and as we went on shore at low water, the foundations of the buildings were discernible to the naked eye. Here the Company have a small factory, which supplies Bombay with betel and cocoa nuts, and a gentleman from that Presidency constantly resides. Hyder Ally is at present the Sovereign of Callicutt, and his revenue officers at our landing examined our baggage with as much insolence and brutal incivility, as if they had received the rudiments of their education at Deal or Dover. Indeed, an immense tract of country extending along the Malabar coast is Hyder's by the right of conquest, that ambitious Prince seldom missing any favourable opportunity of making free with the possessions of his neighbours. The natives in this part of India are afflicted with an incurable disorder, called the Cochin leg, which obliges them to drag on a wretched existence without even the hopes of relief. The limb swells by degrees to an enormous size,

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and the body is proportionably emaciated, till the friendly hand of death puts a period to a scene of misery, which is rendered doubly shocking by the tedious progress of the disease. The Indians attribute it, as they do every other complaint, to some peculiar quality in the water.

We next spent a few days at Tillicherry, a fort belonging to the Company of no great extent, but sufficiently strong to repel the attacks of an Asiatic army, and on the first of January we came to an anchor in the port of Goa, where the Portuguese have now only a shadow of that power which they formerly possessed in India. The city of Goa was once famous for the grandeur of its buildings, and the magnificent decorations of its churches, but it is now deserted and in ruins; a melancholy instance how capable bigotry is of subverting the most flourishing governments, and a most striking proof, that even war and pestilence are curses less terrible to mankind than priestcraft and superstition. Here until very lately the authority of the inquisition was exercised with a severity shocking to human nature, and highly disgraceful to the religion which it was intended to promote. Not only the Portuguese themselves smarted under the rigour of this tribunal, but even the innocent natives often

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suffered the most cruel deaths for daring to prefer the religion of their forefathers to doctrines, which it was impossible for them to comprehend, and which from the methods taken to inculcate them must have appeared to the unhappy wretches as truly diabolical.

We spent two days in visiting the convents, and the few elegant buildings that yet remain in this city, which was once the grand emporium of the Eastern world, and on the seventh we passed the harbour and fort of Gheria, which was formerly the residence of the famous Angria, and is still a retreat for pirates, who plunder every defenceless vessel, that is so imprudent as to approach their coasts.

On the fourteenth we reached Bombay, where I have taken up my quarters in a most excellent tavern, till the Indiaman which is to convey me home shall sail. Capt. Jennings has already engaged his passage in a sloop for Suez, and by him you will receive this packet, and my father will have the earliest intelligence of my return to Europe.

The island of Bombay is situate in seventy-two degrees of East longitude, and eighteen of latitude, and is about seven leagues in circumference. It originally belonged to the crown of Portugal, but

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in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-three, it was given to Charles the Second, as part of the portion of the Infanta Catherine, and that Monarch presented it as a mark of royal favour to the East India Company, who fortified it at a vast expence, and it is now in the elegance of its buildings very little inferior to Madras.

The manners as well of the English as of the natives are much the same here as in other parts of India. At present the settlement not being divided by factions, there is more society than at Madras, and the sources of wealth being fewer, there is less of luxury and parade than at Calcutta.

I have dined with the Governor, who is a gentleman of plain good sense, and unaffected politeness and has sat in the chair with equal honour to himself, and satisfaction to those under him, for five-and-twenty years. I have had the pleasure of seeing the beauties of Bombay, at the monthly ball, and I have spent an agreeable evening with Mr. Draper, who is senior member of the council, and is the husband of the charming Eliza, whose fame will ever live in the celebrated writings of the immortal Sterne.

I have now visited the three great presidencies of India, and I assure you that I shall bid an

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eternal adieu to the Asiatic shore without the least regret. My utmost ambition will in future be to live sequestered from the busy scenes of the gay and unthinking world; and if I can but find an affectionate partner with whom I may divide my pleasures and my cares, I shall not envy the pride, pomp, and grandeur of the luxurious monarchs of the East.

LETTER XXVI.

London, October, 1778.

My dear friend's congratulatory letter on my safe return, has given me the sincerest pleasure, and has not a little added to the joy I felt at finding myself restored to the embrace of an affectionate parent, and to my native shore.

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The voyage from India was neither uncommonly tedious, nor attended with any of those unpleasant circumstances which have before occurred to me. We arrived the latter end of April, at the Cape of Good Hope, where I again lodged with my old friend the Dutchman whom I have formerly mentioned, and on the twentieth of May we made the Island of St. Helena, which at a distance resembles a castle built in the middle of the sea. This island is about twenty miles in circumference, and consists of several stupendous rocks, with intermediate vallies, which are covered with a profusion of herbage, and produce a very great variety of fruits and vegetables. The inhabitants are almost all natives of the island, and seem to possess an equal share of affability and ignorance. So totally are they unacquainted with any thing beyond the circle of their own little world, that a young lady, at whose father's I spent an evening, seriously asked me if London was not a charming place when the Indiamen arrived in the Thames, and I had great difficulty to persuade her, that the gaiety of the metropolis of England did not depend upon the arrival of an East India fleet.

From St. Helena we sailed under the convoy of a fifty gun ship, and on the eighth of August

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were released from our floating prisons and landed on the British shore. At Portsmouth we heard the first news of hostilities being commenced, and we thought ourselves fortunate in escaping the grand fleet of France, which it was Mr. Keppel's intention to have chastised so handsomely, had they waited for him till the succeeding morning.

I have now given you a faithful account of my adventures, during an absence of near five years from my native country. But the important event, which is to close the scene, is yet to come. You know the intentions of my father, and you have seen the young lady on whom my future happiness is to depend. I have been introduced in form, and I flatter myself there is no obstacle to our immediate union. You have often told me, that matrimonial felicity is by no means connected with that violent passion, which teaches the lover to deify the object of his affections, and renders him deaf to the voice of reason. I subscribe to the justice of your opinion, but I confess that I am at this moment most heartily in love. The harmony of my Isabella's features, and the engaging sweetness of her looks, captivated me at once, and her good sense has increased the prepossession which was inspired by her first appearance.

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I have now a new scene before me. I think that the brightness of the present prospect more than compensates for every past uneasiness, and I hope that the chequered adventures of my former life, have not disqualified me for the peaceful enjoyment of true domestic felicity.

I am, &c.

FINIS.

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NOTES.

Page 10, l. 5—**Highgate assembly**—The reader should turn to the second chapter of Mrs. Arthur G. Bell's charming book, *The Skirts of the Great City*, where he will find a complete explanation of the ceremony referred to by Lord Byron :

> "Many to the steep hill of Highgate hie,
> Ask ye, Bœotian Shades ! the reason why ?
> 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
> Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
> In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
> And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn."

The old Gate House Inn, at which the tolls for the Bishop of London were levied and the ceremony of the swearing on the horns was practised, still exists and also the horns. The oath included the following obligation : "You must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, unless you like the maid best, but sooner than lose a good chance you may kiss them both."

Page 15, l. 5—**Captain David Roche**—In the account of Charles Grant's journey out to India in 1773, given in Mr. H. Morris' biography of that worthy, we read : "Soon after leaving England a serious quarrel arose between Captain Roche, who had brought on board a reputation for strife, and Captain Fergusson, a brother officer, with whom Grant and his party had contracted a friendship. According to the evidence of the surgeon of the vessel, 'Captain Roche had rendered himself so obnoxious to the other passengers that he was voted out of the cabin mess.' This quarrel increased in virulence and intensity until they reached the Cape of Good Hope, where the ship arrived on the 4th September 1773. That evening a violent fracas took place between the two officers at Cape Town, where the passengers had landed ; and during the scuffle Captain Roche stabbed Captain Fergusson, who almost immediately

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expired. The two accounts of this conflict were diametrically opposed to each other. Grant asserted that while he and half a dozen other passengers, including Captain Fergusson, were at supper in a boarding-house, the landlord informed the latter that a Captain Matthew wanted to speak to him. Soon after he had left the room, a scuffle was heard, and Grant, who had closely followed him, saw, in the imperfect light, Captain Fergusson fall mortally wounded, and at the same time observed that his assailant was running away. Grant was fully persuaded that Captain Roche was guilty of deliberate murder. Captain Roche, who, two years later, while he was detained in prison in England, published his version of the story, declared that, as he was passing the boarding-house, Captain Fergusson rushed out and savagely attacked him with a cane and a sword, and that while defending himself he unintentionally slew him. Captain Roche was tried for murder by the Dutch authorities, was acquitted by the Fiscal or the supreme Judge at the Cape of Good Hope, and was permitted to proceed to Bombay by a French vessel. There he was tried by the Governor and his Council, acting as Justices of the Peace, in August 1774, and was sent to England under arrest, where he arrived in June 1775. He was again, on 11th December, put on his trial before a Commission appointed by the King's Privy Council, consisting of Baron Burland, one of H. M.'s Judges, the Lord Mayor and two others at the Old Bailey. Act 33 of Henry VIII., for trial of offences committed in foreign parts outside the King's dominions, under which the Commission acted, rendered it imperative that the verdict should be one wholly of acquittal or condemnation, so that the offence could not be brought in as manslaughter. The Jury acquitted the prisoner. The evidence was certainly most meagre and contradictory. With one exception, the principal witnesses were in India. The verdict was received by the public attending the Court with an unseemly exhibition of feeling in favour of the prisoner, which apparently there was no attempt on the part of the Judges to suppress. This case created a great sensation at the time; but there is nothing to prove that it exercised an

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influence on the mind of the nation adverse to the reprehensible custom of duelling, which was only too common during the last quarter of the eighteenth century."*

Page 16, l. 8—**Joanna**—See the reference to Mrs. Fay's *Original Letters*, p. 188, and to *Hartly House*.

Page 16, l. 18—**Bourbon**—That is, of course, the island now known as Réunion.

Page 17, l. 3—**His sister who is married to one of the Judges.** The lady was the wife of Stephen Cæsar Lemaistre, one of the first Judges of the Supreme Court. She was the daughter of James Roche of Dublin, and "celebrated for her charms and elegance of manners." Apparently she did not accompany her husband to India. On March 18, 1776, Lemaistre had a large party at his house (known as the "Wilderness" or "May's Gardens" on the site of the present Free School) to commemorate his wedding day. Lemaistre died on November 6, 1777, and was buried at midnight, the guns from the Fort thundering thirty seven times—the years of his age. Mrs. Lemaistre married in 1779 the Baron Nolcken, Envoy from Sweden.

Page 21, l. 23—**Paid my compliments to the Governor**—i. e., to Alexander Wynch who ruled at Fort St. George from February 2, 1773 to December 11, 1775, and embarked for England on February 15, 1776. Wynch, whom Stanhope styles Wynche, had been responsible for the surrender of Fort St. David's in 1758.

Page 23, l. 4—**Nabob of Arcot**—The history of this chieftainship is given by Mr. Lewin B. Bowring (*Haidar Ali & Tipú Sultan*, "Rulers of India" series, p. 22).—"After Aurangzeb had subjugated the Bijapur and Golconda kingdoms, he sent a force under Zulfikar Khan, with one Daūd Khan

*'*A Plain and Circumstantial Account of the Transactions between Captain Roche and Lieutenant Fergusson. London, 1773.*' The present writer has examined some of the unpublished documents relative to this incident. Roche attempts in one of these to involve Charles Grant in a conspiracy to murder him.

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as second in command, to reduce the fortress of Singi or Chengi, then held by Rama, son of Sivaji. The place was carried by assault in 1698, but as it proved unhealthy, Arcot was in 1716 selected as the capital. The imperial deputy, Kasim Khan, having been assassinated, Zulfikar Khan was nominated as his successor, and after him Daud Khan; but this chief, being summoned to Delhi to aid the party which ultimately put Shah Alam on the throne, left Mahammad Said, called Saadat Ullah Khan, as his substitute. Saadat Ullah Khan ruled with success from 1710 to 1732, but having no son, left the *musnud* to his nephew, Dost Ali Khan, who invaded Mysore, but was disgracefully defeated by the troops of Raja Chikka Krishnaraj. It was during the rule of this Nawab that his son-in-law Hussen Dost Khan, better known as Chanda Sahib, acquired by fraud the territory of Trichinopoli, and subsequently sided with the French against the English. Safdar Ali succeeded as Nawab, but was assassinated in 1742. His infant son Muhammad Said was installed by the Nizam, but was murdered within a year, when Anwar-ud-din, his guardian, was confirmed as Nawab by the Nizam." The succession of the several Nawabs of Arcot is as follows :

Muhammad Said, or Saadat Ullah Khan, 1710-32.

Dost Ali Khan, his nephew, 1732-40.

Safdar Ali Khan, 1740-42. assassinated.

daughter, married Hussen Dost Khan, or Chanda Sahib

Muhammad Said Khan, 1742-44.

Anwar-ud-din, 1744-49.

Mahfuz Khan

Walaja Muhammad Ali 1749-95.

Umdat-ul-Umra, 1795-1801.

[The Nawab of these pages is Walaja Muhammad Ali.]

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Page 23, l. 6.—**Treaty of Paris**—The treaty of 1763 which ended the Seven Years' War and cost France her possessions in America and her military establishments in India. The article referred to is the xith by which it was agreed that both France and England should accept Muhammad Ali as the rightful Nawab of the Carnatic and Salabut Jung as the Subadar of the Deccan. Much to the chagrin of the Madras Presidency, Sir John Lindsay was sent out, with the powers of an ambassador, to supervise the execution of this article. Sir John at once embraced the cause of the Nawab as against the Madras Council. Sir Robert Harland succeeded Sir John, and, if possible, exhibited even more of a partisan spirit.

Page 23, l. 14.—**Capture of Tanjour**—This commenced on August 26, 1773, and was completed on September 16. The injustice of the expedition is exposed in scathing terms by Mill (*History of British India*, 3rd edition, Vol IV, Bk. V, Ch. 4, p. 98).

Page 23, l. 18.—**The deposed King**—This was Tulgagee, son of Pertaub Sing. His proper title was 'Zemindar.'

Page 24, l. 11—**Arcot**—Arcot (arakadu=six forests), immortalised by its capture and defence by Clive, is 5 miles to the south of the Railway Station. The Fortress is a mass of ruins, but the Delhi Gate remains, and above the Gate is a room reported to have been Clive's. The visitor to Arcot would inspect the Jumma Musjid and the tomb of Saadat Ulla Khan, and the ruins of the Nawab's Palace. Arcot is associated with Lally in 1758, Eyre Coote in 1760, Haidar Ali in 1780, and Tipu Sultan in 1783. Arcot became British ultimately in 1803.

Page 27, l. 2.—**Black Town**—The *European Magazine* of December, 1783, has the following about the settlement of Fort St. George: "The settlement consists of two towns; that called the White Town is a regular fortification and is about 400 paces long, and 160 broad, divided into regular streets, the houses being built with brick, the

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rooms lofty, and the roofs flat. The Black-Town, which consists chiefly of thatched cottages, is inhabited by Gentoos, Mahomedans, and Portuguese and Armenian Christians, and each religion has its temples and churches." The name of Black Town was, in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1905-6, changed into Georgetown.

Page 27, l. 20.—**Gentoos**—The word is a corruption of the Portuguese '*Gentio*', a gentile or heathen, which they applied to the Hindus in contradistinction to the *Moros* or 'Moors', i. e., Mahomedans. Both terms are now obsolete among English people, except perhaps that *Gentoo* still lingers at Madras in the sense of Telugu-*speaking* Hindus.

Page 27, l. 20.—**Pagodas**—Here used in the sense of a temple. For the other meanings of the word such as a coin, etc., see Yule and Burnell's *Hobson Jobson*.

Page 28, l. 9.—**Moormen**—Moor or Moorman means a Mahomedan, and so from the habitual use of the term (*Mouro*), by the Portuguese in India, particularly a Mahomedan inhabitant of India. The use of the word *Moor* for Mahomedans has, among educated Europeans at least, long been obsolete.

Page 29, l. 11.—**Culpee**—As far as I can make out the Indiamen usually lay off Khijiri (Kedgree) to disembark their passengers for Bengal. From Khijiri the travellers would proceed on pinnaces to Culpee or Diamond Harbour, and thence by budgerow or feelchehra to Calcutta. It was at Khijiri, on the morning of January 10, 1784, Warren Hastings watched the good ship *Atlas* bearing away to sea his beloved Marian. "I followed your ship with my eyes till I could no longer see it, and passed a most wretched day with a heart swollen with affliction and a head raging with pain." From Culpee, on the day following, he writes: "I have been three tides making this place, where I met my budgerow and in it a severe renewal of my sorrow." In 1824, Bishop Heber came in sight of

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Saugor Island at daybreak of October 4. On October 6, off Diamond Harbour he went on board the Government yacht. On October 10, he writes : "at 2 o'clock this afternoon we set out for Calcutta in the Bholiahs and had a very delightful and interesting passage up the river, partly with sails and partly with oars," but at a distance of some seven miles from the place where the *Bishop* had left the yacht, the *Bishop* and his party had to go ashore, and walk a quarter of a mile to a spot "near some powder mills" —presumably "Melancholy Point"—where he found "carriages waiting for us, drawn by small horses with switch tails, and driven by postillions with whiskers, turbans, bare legs and arms and blue jackets with tawdry yellow lace." Bishop Heber's successor, Dr. James, came up to Calcutta in a "steamer."

Page 29, l. 14.—**My friend Hancock**—The name of Tyso Saul Handcock appears in a list of Surgeon's mates in India in 1748. In April, 1751, he was serving as Surgeon at Devecottah and two years later at Fort St. David. In June, 1758, he was appointed to be one of the Surgeons at the Madras Presidency, but on the 12th of June, 1759, obtained permission to remove to Bengal. In November, 1761, he resigned the service on the ground of ill health. In 1769 he returned to India. Handcock with Benjamin Lacon is associated with the earliest attempt to reclaim Saugor Island for civilisation. In November, 1770, we find him appointed a supernumerary, but not to rise. Handcock's letters are frequently quoted by Busteed (*Echoes from Old Calcutta*) and Sydney Grier (*Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife*). He had married at Fort St. David in November, 1751, Miss Philadelphia Austen, a sister of the Rev. George Austen, the father of Jane Austen the novelist. At the age of 65 he died at Calcutta on November 5, 1779, and was buried in a grave (that has lost its tombstone) in the South Park Street Cemetery. His daughter, Elizabeth—a god-child of Warren Hastings—married Henry Austen, the brother of Jane. Our author (Stanhope) describes himself as Mrs. Hancock's "near relation."

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Page 30, l. 3—**Seapoys**—Persian 'Sipāhī'(= soldier, horse-soldier) means, in Anglo-Indian use, a native soldier, disciplined and dressed in the European style. The word occurs in Southern India before there were troops in Bengal, and it was probably adopted from the Portuguese. No English example in print older than 1750 has been found, though probably an older one exists. The India Office record of 1747 from Fort St. David's is the oldest notice that has been found in extant manuscripts, though the original word 'sipahi' occurs in the poems of Amīr Khusrū (1300). In Hedge's *Diary* (1682) the word 'seapy' occurs in the sense of 'horseman'. A coloured picture of "Seapoys of the Bombay, Bengal and Madras Armies" is given in the *Journal of a Route across India,etc.* by Lieut-Col. George FitzClarence afterwards Earl of Munster.

Page 30, l. 12—**There is a noble play-house**—This is not the playhouse in Lal Bazar so famous in the story of the Siege of Calcutta in 1756, but the theatre which had been erected in 1774 on the site now occupied by the business house of Messrs. Finlay, Muir and Co. See an article in *Bengal : Past and Present*, January, 1909, by Miss E. M. Drummond.

Page 30, l. 13—**But no church the want of which is supplied by**—The allusion is to St. John's Chapel. Archdeacon Hyde conjectured that this edifice was consecrated with masonic ceremonies, on St. John the Baptist's day in June, 1760, when Holwell, a prominent Freemason, was Governor: but it is on record that the surveyor did not report the chapel as ready for use until July 17th. See *Bengal : Past and Present*, Vol. II, pt. 1, p.9. The Chapel adjoined the Black Hole then used as a store-room. It was 110 ft. long and 31 ft. 6in. in breadth. This is the church mentioned in *Hartly House.*

Page 30, l. 19—**An English lady who saw her husband perish at her feet**—Busteed quotes this passage (p. 42 of the *Echoes*), and he has shewn long-ago that the story of "Mrs. Carey, who was too young and handsome" to

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regain her liberty after release from the Black Hole, although supported by Holwell himself, has "no solid basis." But may not the tradition refer to Mrs. Ann Wood about whom I venture to give the following extract from Hicky's *Bengal Gazette*? —" Mr. Hicky, Sir,-Having lately made an excursion of a few days to Chunar Ghur, where I was most agreeably entertained as well by the admirable society, for which that place is at present remarkable, as by the variety of pleasant rides and prospects I enjoyed from the chain of hills. I paid a visit to a small mosque situated upon a tank at the decclivity of a hill, about a mile distant from the Ganges, and the same distance from the Fort of Chunar, and took down the following copy of an inscription, upon the wall of the said mosque which had been wrote with charcoal.* If the copy of the inscription, I now send, will afford any amusement to your numerous Readers, you have my permission to publish it in your next paper; and if any of your correspondents can favour me with any further particulars of the unfortunate parties here mentioned, I shall be much obliged to them.

I am Sir, Your most Obed.
Servant
INDAEUS.

Benares Oct 20th, 1780.

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* "This is the place of Confinement of Ann Wood Wife to Lieut. John Wood, taken Prisoner by Jaffer Begg, Commandant to Sir Roger Dowler, taken out of the house at Calcutta, where so many unhappy Gentlemen suffered, the said Jaffer Begg, obtained Promotion of Segour Dowler for his long service, Fouzdar of Chunar Gur.

" I Alex. Campbell was taken along with the unfortunate Lady, at Eleven Years Old by the same persons who afterwards made me a Eunuch, my only employment was to attend this Lady, which I did in this place 4 Years. 1762 May 3d. the said Jaffer Begg sent to acquaint the Lady if she did not consent to lye with him the 4th of the said Month she should be strangled and by my Hand. The 3d. at Midnight we jumpped out of this Window and got to the River side where I hired a snake Boat for 50 Gold Rupees to carry us safe to Chinsurah where we arrived the 11th of the — The first News we heard was that Lieut. Wood died for grief, soon as she heard this; she fell sick and died the 27th of the Month.

" Mr. Drake behaved with the greatest imprudence, he did deserve to be shot, shot, shot.

" Alex. Campbell, I am now in Dowlah's service.

N. B. Mrs. Wood's apartment, and which is all the little stone house consists of is 9 feet 5 Inches by 8. 9. the height 7 feet 9 Inches. 1 window 18 Inches Wide."

Hicky's Gazette, no. XLII, Nov. 4th to 11th, 1780.

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Page 31, l. 1—**Henry Vansittart**—In the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* we read that Vansittart's "youth was dissolute," and that "he was a member of the graceless Society of Medmenham," more usually known as the "Hell-fire Club." As Vansittart was only just thirteen years when he was sent off to Madras in the summer of 1745, the extent of his youthful vices may be questioned. At Fort St. David's, Vansittart made the acquaintance of Lord Clive. In 1759, he was, on Clive's recommendation appointed President of Council and Governor of Fort William, and held office till November 28, 1764, when he left Calcutta. His period of rule thus covers the Revolution, which substituted Mir Kasim for Mir Jafar, the awful tragedy at Patna and the battles of Udwanala and Buxar. It was during the days of Vansittart that the English commenced their administration of the revenues of Midnapur, Chittagong and Burdwan. The writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* observes: "Owing to his quarrel with Clive, Vansittart has been unjustly treated by writers on Indian history. His conduct in Bengal was far-sighted and his dealings with the subadar were distinguished by statesmanlike moderation. On every question that arose his proceedings were in accordance with the principles to which his successors were eventually obliged to conform." It would perhaps be fairer to say that, while the period lying between Plassey and Warren Hastings' accession to the Governorship in 1772, excluding Clive's attempts to purify the Company's service, has been unhesitatingly and almost generally described as shamefully corrupt and unworthy, the materials for judging it scientifically—the decayed Bengal Mofussil records—have never been published. The standing difficulty of the time arose from the unscrupulous conduct of the inland trade by individual servants of the Company on their own behalf. In a letter dated January 24, 1767, Clive and his Council wrote: "We now come to your instructions relative to the inland trade, which you very justly consider as the foundation of all the bloodshed, massacres and confusion, which have happened

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of late years in Bengal."* In dealing with this trouble Vansittart was, as Elphinstone says, "ill fitted by nature to bear up against the reckless counsels and vehement language of his opponents, and he was rendered feebler than usual by the consciousness of his pecuniary obligations to the Nabob, and by his being himself engaged in the inland trade, though without partaking in the abuses." On 14th June, 1769, Vansittart was appointed with Colonel Francis Forde, the conqueror of the Dutch at Bidderra, and Luke Scrafton, a well-known ex-Bengal servant, to proceed to India to examine the administration. They sailed in September on the frigate *Aurora*, and in company with William Falconer, the author of "Shipwreck." At the Cape, there came on board, Robert Pitcairn, a midshipman, who in July, 1768, had sailed on the *Swallow* on a voyage of discovery under Captain Philip Carteret, and had at a distance of 15 leagues, discovered an island to which the name of "Pitcairn's Island" was given. The *Aurora* left the Cape but was never again heard of. Strangely enough the island discovered by Pitcairn was very soon lost to knowledge, and the island in which the mutineers of the *Bounty* in 1789 found a refuge and where they and their descendants were discovered in 1808 and in 1814, now known as Pitcairn's Island, is only by conjecture identified with the island discovered by the midshipman in 1767. Vansittart—the name is frequently written Van Sittart—came from a Dutch family of Sittart in Limburg and I fancy he had relations in the Dutch East Indian service.

Page 31, l. 13—**No gentleman takes the trouble of keeping his own money**—See the reprint of Mrs. Fay's *Original Letters*, p. 140.

Page 33, l. 6—**Europe Shops**—See the reprint of *Hartly House*, pp. 51, 311-12, 354. In old-fashioned Anglo-Indian the word "European" seems to be used as substantive but not often as adjective.

*Verelst. *A View of the Rise and Progress of the British Government in Bengal.* Appendix, p. 44.

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Page 33, l. 23—**Hooka**—Arab. 'Hukkah' (=a round casket) is the Indian pipe for smoking tobacco through water. In 1840 the hookah was still very common at Calcutta dinner-tables, as well as regimental mess-tables. See article in Yule and Burnell's *Hobson Jobson*.

Page 38, l. 11—**The new Commander in chief of the Forces**—This was Lieutenant-General Sir John Clavering who was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the East India Company's forces on February 24, 1774.

Page 38, l. 22—**The Mayor's Court is abolished**—The Mayor and his Court had been established by Royal Charter in 1727. It is interesting to compare what our author has to say on the subject of the early exertions of the Supreme Court with what Col. T. D. Pearse records. See *Bengal: Past and Present*, Vol. II, pt. 2, pp 474-478. The Colonel was of opinion; "Either this Court must withdraw, or these provinces must be lost; for the Europeans will either be massacred, or driven out in a few years, if the Court continues here."

Page 45, last line—**Buckles**—Refers to the buckles of the period worn under the knee and on the shoes. They were generally of silver and sometimes even jewelled. In the *Calcutta Gazette* of September 9, 1784, appears an advertisement of "gentlemen's fashionable dress and undress buckles, ladies' elegant paste ditto, and paste knee buckles" among the "Europe goods now landing and will be exposed for sale in a few days at Roach and Johnston's."

Page 46, l. 9—**Point Palmyra**—A headland in the Kendrapara subdivision, situated in 20°46'N and 86°59'E, which constitutes a landmark for vessels making for the Hughli from the South.

Page 46, l. 9.—**False Point**—Situated on the north of the Mahanadi estuary, latitude 20°20' N and longitude 86°47' E. The name is assigned to it because it was often mistaken by mariners for Point Palmyra.

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Page 46, l. 24—**Mr. Marriott**—Randolph Marriott had been Resident at Balasore since 1766. In the terrible year 1756, he had been one of the factors at Cossimbazar, and with Warren Hastings was made a prisoner by Suraj-ud-Daula. Almost the last thing I hear of him is his borrowing money of Captain P. Verlée, the father of Madame Grand in 1778, and offering a ship in lieu of monetary payment.

Page 47, l. 1—**The Rajah of Catack**—The Raja Ram Pundit was the Naib (Deputy) to Mudájí Bhonsla, the Maratha Chief of Berar, whose capital was at Nagpur in the Central Provinces. The old Bārābuti fort, built by Mukunda Deva, the last Hindu King of Orissa (1560-68) must in our author's day have been in its full glory—a castle of grey granite with nine lofty courts which in 1767 recalled to Motte the western side of Windsor Castle. In 1803 the Cuttack fortress was taken from the Marathas by the British, and the P.W. D. dismantled the venerable buildings, in which William Burton and Ralph Cartwright in 1633 had interviewed the King of "Malcundy," and used the stones for the construction of the False Point Light House. A picturesque gateway leading to the present Station Club, and a not very interesting mosque are all that remain to us of the old *Kilá*.

Page 52, l. 16—**General Joseph Smith**—The son of an engineer officer at Madras, was born in 1733 : served under Clive in the Carnatic in 1752 : taken prisoner by the French in 1753 : "commanded the Trichinopoly garrison, 1757-8 : at the taking of Karikal and siege of Pondicherry, 1760-1 : Colonel 1766 : in command of the forces which defeated Haidar and the Nizam at Trincomalai, Sept 26, 1767 : made treaty with the Nizam, 1768 : Major-General : took Tanjore, 1773 : retired : died Sept 1, 1790."

Page 55, l. 17—**Pythagorean doctrine**—Pythagoras (530-500 B. C.) probably introduced the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, perhaps from Egypt, into Greece. The reader will recall the passage in Plato's *Meno* in which Socrates, without coaching but by simple cross-examination, gets a

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boy to double a square by geometrical rule, in order to convince his hearers that the mind has in another world been filled with knowledge, and that therefore all that education involves is the production from within of that which the mind already knows but still requires to regain conscious apprehension of. Mr. Oman in his recently published *Cults, Customs and Superstitions of India* gives the story of Queen Samavati, who when her palace was on fire and all hope of escape cut off, bade her attendants to console themselves with the thought that "in the countless existences that have had no beginning it would be impossible to reckon the number of times that they have perished by fire." The average English reader needs to be reminded that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was current in Brahmanism long before the days of the Buddha, and that in fact in strict esoteric Buddhism the sort of belief proclaimed by Queen Samavati is limited. Mr. Oman writes : "Like the flame of a lamp, which is not the *same* flame at successive moments, but is, as it were, being uninterruptedly extinguished and re-kindled, so sentient existence flows on, never the same, yet always linked with preceding sentient existences. But 'the number of these beings never varies save on those few occasions when one of them, either in earth or heaven, attains Nirvana.' " It may perhaps be maintained that the doctrine of metempsychosis is characteristic of the Asiatic races. Herodotus tells us that it is probable that the Egyptian practice of embalming the dead was based on the belief that the passage of souls into other forms was thereby prevented, it being held that the spirit would maintain its union with the material body so long as it subsisted. Prior to Zoroaster, the belief in the transmigration of souls found a place in the religion of Persia. A curious instance of this belief—Josephus asserts that it was maintained to some extent by the Pharisees—may be found in the question put to our Lord by some imperfectly instructed disciples : "Master, who did this sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind ?" The doctrine too was professed by the Druids in northern Europe. Origen in the early church maintained

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it as a justification of the Divine Providence in regard to the anomalies of the worldly order. In English literature its finest expression will be found in the lines of Wordsworth :

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The doctrine, in its Eastern form, is based on pantheism, which, as Schopenhauer has remarked, is a polite way of bowing the Almighty out of His universe.

Page 56, l. 5—**The Nabob has three sons**—The eldest Omdit ul Omrah (Umdat-ul-Umra) generally spoken of as "the young Nabob" by Anglo-Indians of the time ; the second Muder-ul-Mulk, and the youngest Zapharah Mulk. Umdat-ul-Umra succeeded his father and ruled 1795-1801.

Page 62, l. 20—**Fort St. David's** (Cuddalore)—This fort was designed by Benjamin Robins, a distinguished man of science in his day, who died there on July 26, 1751. It was captured by the French in 1758. It was at Cuddalore John Zachary acquired the patronage of Lord Clive, and when the English were expelled from that place, Kiernander and his first wife, Wendela, came to Calcutta. A plan of Fort St. David will be found in Vol. 2 of Orme's *Military Transactions*.

Page 62, l. 23—**Captain Harcourt Woodhouse**—He was one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Hertford, Captain of the Hon'ble Company's Service and Commandant of the four Independent Companies and of the garrison of Cuddalore in 1775 and 1776. His wife Catherine died (when she was about 47 years of age) on the 12th May, 1777, and was interred in the Church of England Cemetery at Old Town, Cuddalore.

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Page 63, l. 6—**Chillingbrum**—Chilambaram (or more correctly, Chittambalam, 'the atmosphere of wisdom') is the head quarters of the subdivision of that name in the South Arcot district, Madras Presidency, and is 7 miles from the coast and 25 miles south of Cuddalore (lat. 11°24'9" N., long. 79°44'77"E.) It was considered a point of considerable strategical importance during the wars of the Karnatic. In 1749, the ill-fated expedition under Capt. Cope, against Devikota, made a stand here in its retreat; and here, in the following year, the armies of Murárai Ráo and Muzaffar Jang first met. In 1753, the British garrison was compelled to evacuate Chilambaram by the French and Maráthá forces for the campaign of the following year was held at this town. An attempt by the British to take the place in 1759 failed. In 1760, the French surrendered it to Haidar Ali who strengthened the fortifications and garrisoned the town; and when Sir Eyre Coote attacked Chilambaram in 1781, he was driven off with loss. The place is celebrated for its temples. See Le Bas' *Life of the Right Rev. T. F. Middleton*, Vol. I, p. 207.

Page 63, l. 23—**Subedars and Jamedars**—Jemadar (lit. 'an aggregate,' the word indicating generally a leader of a body of individuals) is, in the Indian army, the title of the second rank of native officers in a company of sepoys, the Sūbadār being the first.

Page 69, l. 7—**The Commandant of which is a German**—Presumably Major Martinz who was Commandant for the Nabob at Tanjore in April, 1776.

Page 69, l. 16—**Covery Capelle**—i.e. 'cobra de Capello,' the snake of (the) hood.

Page 75, l. 7—**Choultry**—Lit. 'a place where four roads meet.' The word is peculiar to southern India and means a hall, a shed or a simple *loggan*, used by travellers as a resting place, and also intended for the transaction of public business. In the old Madras archives there is frequent mention of the 'Justices of the Choultry.' A building of this kind seems to have formed the early court-house.

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Page 79, l. 1—**Cumbaconum**—Combaconum ('Kumbhakonam' = the water-jar mouth), the head quarters of the subdivision of that name in the Tanjore district of the Madras Presidency, is situated in the richest tract of the Kaveri delta in lat. 10°58′20″N., long. 79°24′30″E. It was formerly the capital of the Chola Kingdom and is one of the most ancient and sacred towns in the Presidency. It was so celebrated for its learning as to have been called the Oxford of Southern India.

Page 82, l. 1—**A new Commander-in-chief**—This was Sir Robert Fletcher. The early career of this soldier, although distinguished by gallantry had been conspicuously truculent and mutinous. While a Lieutenant in the Madras Army he had been dismissed for insolent letters addressed to government, but on the intercession of Sir Eyre Coote was reinstated. After some distinguished service in the war of 1760-61 and in the Manilla expedition, he joined the Bengal Army as Major in 1763. He was the ringleader of the mutiny of officers on the occasion of the withdrawal of batta allowances (1766), and although a second time cashiered, was restored to Madras as Colonel in 1771. In the following year he became Commander-in-Chief at Madras, but proving unmanageable, was sent to command at Trichinopoly. On the score of his being a member of the House of Commons, he secured his return, and then came out in 1775 as Commander-in-Chief, replacing General Joseph Smith.

Page 89, l. 13—**Suspended two members of Council**—These were George Stratton and Henry Brooke. They were suspended on the 22nd August, 1776.

Page 91, l. 22—**Colonel Stuart**—James Stuart was Captain in 1755 : served in Nova Scotia, the West Indies, etc : entered the E. I. Co's military service in Madras, 1775 : Commander-in-Chief as Brigadier-General there : arrested the Governor of Madras (Lord Pigot), 1776 : himself suspended : acquitted by court-martial, 1780 : commanded at Madras, 1781 : served under Coote at Porto Novo : lost a leg at

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Polilore, August 1781 : Major-General : at siege of Cuddalore, was suspended by the Madras government and sent to England : fought a duel with Lord Macartney, 1786 : died Feb. 2, 1793.

Page 92, l. 22—**St. Thomas's Mount**—In Chingleput district, Madras Presidency, familiarly known as the Big Mount, an isolated cliff of greenstone and syenite 300 feet above sea-level. In the *Annual Register* for 1774 there is a poem on St. Thomas' Mount by a "Gentleman resident in India," who is no other than the Madras civilian Eyles Irwin.

Page 93, l. 2—**The rising sun**—To wit George Stratton. The dates of his appointments in the Company's service will be found in Buckland's *Dictionary of Indian Biography*. After the arrest of Lord Pigot (August 24, 1775) Stratton was placed in the Governor's chair, and married Miss Light, the "friend and companion of Sterne's Eliza." He was suspended from office in August, 1777. In December, 1779, he, Brooke, Floyer and Mackay were fined £1000 each for the part they had played in the seizure of Lord Pigot.

Page 93, l. 14—**An ambassador extraordinary**—Mr. David Leighton (*Vicissitudes of Fort St. George*, p. 152) writes: "There were nevertheless some Englishmen who were keenly sensitive to the wrong done to Lord Pigot, and amongst these was a young civilian named Eyles Irwin. The Council at once posted him and other dissentients to appointments far distant from the Presidency. Irwin refused to accept any appointment from them and was accordingly suspended. He was then deputed by the Governor's friends to go home and explain the course of events personally to the Directors, and in order to forestall the report of the usurpers, he travelled by the then little-known overland route ; with the result that he reached London 14 months after his departure from Madras."

Page 94, l. 10—**One of those adventurers**—This was William Randall. See *Original Papers transmitted by the Nabob of Arcot to his Agent in Great Britain*, London, Cadell : 1777.

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Page 94, l. 18—**Colonel Macleane**—Colonel Lauchlin Macleane was the agent of the Nabob of Arcot in England, and Warren Hastings' confidant. It was he who tendered Hastings' resignation in 1778—an act repudiated by Hastings.

Page 97, l. 19—**Lord Pigot is still a prisoner**—Mr. Leighton writes: "Meantime Lord Pigot was in detention at the Mount. At first he had thoughts of applying to Sir Edward Hughes, the admiral who had succeeded Harland, for a passage to England in one of the King's ships, but finally resolved that he would see the matter through, and wait until the time arrived for his restoration to the Government and the overthrow of his foes. Major Horne was a considerate and courteous jailer and the Moncktons had taken a house at the Mount in order to be near the old man. His daughters used to ride with him in the mornings, and came to tea with him every evening and any friends he desired were invited to dinner with the Horne family. He was under no restraint, excepting the prohibition from going to Madras. Pic-nic parties were organized, one to Cavelong, another to Vandalur, and a third to a cave in Palaveram Hill. The Council occasionally directed letters to him, but he refused to have any communication with men whom he regarded as rebels, and so the matter passed by until March 1777, when he first felt indisposed. It is certain that the ailment from which he suffered was not the result of confinement, but it rapidly grew worse, and as a last resource the surgeons recommended that he should be conveyed back to Government house. This was done on the 28th April, and he died on 11th May. An inquest was held on his remains, and the jury, moved more by remorse than abstract justice, returned a verdict of 'wilful murder' against those responsible for his imprisonment. We have no account of his funeral, but the grave with the simple inscription "In memoriam," is in the chancel of St. Mary's Church. Five months afterwards his daughter Leonora wedded his faithful supporter Claud Russel in the same church. And now, when too late, came the requital. The Directors did not take immediate action

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when they received news of the deposal but after a considerable amount of discussion, on 9th May, Mr. John Whitehill, who had been one of Du Pré's Council, and happened to be in England at the time, was commissioned to Madras, with orders for Lord Pigot's immediate reinstatement. He arrived on 31st August, having travelled from London *via* Cairo and the Red Sea in 59 days—a record which for many years remained unbroken." Lord Pigot had brought out his two daughters: one married his secretary, the Hon. Edward Monckton, and the other Claud Russel. The Rev. Frank Penny in his *The Church in Madras* (p. 376) gives some account of Lord Pigot's interment within the Church—an event which proved a precedent for the intermurial burial of Sir Eyre Coote in April, 1783. The remains of the latter were removed to Europe in 1784. It is perhaps worthy of notice that a revolution in many ways similar to that which displaced Pigot at Madras, took place at Bombay in 1683 when Captain Richard Keigwin, third member of Council, placed the Deputy Governor under arrest and ruled in his stead, in the King's name from December 27, 1683 to November 19, 1684. Having obtained a promise of pardon, he made over charge to Admiral Sir Thomas Grantham. There can be but little doubt that it was due to Hastings' great popularity with the military that the attempt of Clavering to supersede him failed so completely.

Page 98, l. 23—**Some weeks**—More correctly 12 days. Lord Pigot was removed to the garden house on 28th April, 1777 and died on the 10th May, 1777.

Page 101, l. 14—**Mr. Whitehill is now Governor**—John Whitehill was Acting Governor of Madras from August 31, 1777 to February 8, 1778 and again from April 6 to November 8, 1780. He was suspended by the Governor-General in Council under Section 9 of the Regulating Act.

Page 105, l. 10—**Mr. Thomas Underwood**—Robert Watt in his *Bibliotheca Britannica* states that he was the author of the following publications: (i) *The Snarlers.* (ii) *The Impartialist: a poem,* 1774. (iii) *Poems,* 1768. (iv) *Liberty:*

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a poem, 1769. (v) *A Word to the Wise: a poetical farce most respectfully addressed to the critical reviewers*, 1770.

Page 109, l. 13—**Hyder Ally is at present the Sovereign of Callicutt**—Our author here speaks of the "much insolence and brutal incivility" of Hyder's officials. For the events of a year later we must turn to *The Original Letters of Mrs. Fay*.

Page 112, l. 16—**Has sat in his chair for five and twenty years**—Surely this is a mistake. In 1778 William Hornby was Governor of Bombay. He assumed office on February 26, 1771 and making over charge to Rawson Hart Bodham on January 1, 1784, left for England on the same day. Hornby's immediate predecessor was Thomas Hodges, who ruled at Bombay from January 27, 1767 to his death on February 20, 1771.

Page 112, l. 22—**The charming Eliza**—Anjengo was the birth-place of two persons well-known in the history of English literature. Here on Xmas day, 1728, the wife of Surgeon Alexander Orme gave birth to the future historian—Robert Orme, and here, on April 3, 1744, was born Elizabeth, the daughter of Major Sclater. In Buckland's *Dictionary of Indian Biography* it is recorded of her: "Educated in England: went to India, December 1757: married in July, 1758, Daniel Draper, of the E. I. Co's Civil Service, Secretary to Government, 20 years her senior. When in England in 1766-7, she met Laurence Sterne, the humourist, who became infatuated with her, addressing her as "Brahmini" in amorous letters, and writing the *Journal to Eliza* for her. She returned to India in 1767, and saw Sterne no more: lived with her husband at Tellicherry, Surat, and Bombay, but unhappy, and on January 12, 1773, fled from his house at Mazagon, Bombay, with a naval officer, repairing to her uncle's at Rajamundry: returned to England in 1774: Sterne had died in 1768: she published as *Letters to Yorick* some of Sterne's letters to her, including her answers. She died August 3, 1778, and was buried in the Cathedral cloisters at Bristol. Draper

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became a member of Council at Bombay, and died October 10, 1782. Her name and story was recalled by the Abbé Raynal, who had seen her in India, and by James Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*, and some of her letters have been preserved." See also an article by J. J. Cotton in the *Calcutta Review*, October, 1898.

Page 115, l. 5—**Mr. Keppel**—By Mr. Keppel the well-known Admiral, Augustus, Viscount Keppell, is referred to. Born 1725, died 1786. His career is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

ERRATA

Page 36, footnote, for 'Oct. 29th' *read* 'Oct. 19th.'

Page vii of Notes, l. 25, for 'Lacon' *read* 'Lacam.'

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